The Nation.

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The Week.

It is a dull day which does not see at least one Roosevelt third-term story. Henry Watterson tells a specific renunciation uttered by the President last winter in presence of "a company of journalists." "Upon my honor," it ran, "if the next Republican convention nominates me and adjourns, it will have to reassemble, because I will not accept the nomination." The other contribution is Paul Morton's declaration that, "if he would run again, there is not the slightest doubt the Republican National Convention would make his nomination by acclamation." Both men assume that the decision lies solely with Mr. Roosevelt himself. If he says the word, or authorizes any one to say the word, the nomination is his. But the efforts to induce him to take this action do not appear to make headway. There is, for instance, the theory that, because Roosevelt was elected in his own right for the first time three years ago, this is only his first term, and he ought to have a second, as a matter of course. Not only did the President himself brush this reasoning aside, but the press and public have absolutely refused to accept it. A League in Chicago has been incorporated with "third-term" in its title. Both advocates and opponents speak of the additional four years by that name. But, amid manifold counsels, we have looked in vain for any suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt's tenure of office can be shortened by anything but his own volition. Renominated Republican Presidents have been defeated by Democrats, but nobody thinks of that possibility any longer.

Details of the tariff agreement with Germany, made public last Saturday, show that our exporters are to get the minimum rates of the German tariff, while German exporters are to be benefited by a relaxation of our severe administrative regulations. Our Government undertakes to modify or abolish some of those rules which have gone upon the supposition that importing is a crime, and that all importers are perjurers. We can but hail the improvement, though we must note that the abandonment of the old policy is really to pull down one of the pillars of the protective system. Furthermore, by the agreement, President Roosevelt undertakes to "recommend" to Congress an amendment of the Dingley act in the matter of undervaluations. But will not this be doing that horrible thing—to "open" the tariff question? How could the nerves of the country endure that shock? We forbear to suggest what would happen if the President should also go on to recommend amendments of the Dingley law of a sort to draw the fangs of the oppressive monopolies which take shelter behind it. That would be too terrible even to contemplate from a distance.

Beyond all question, one of the most effective arguments for restriction of immigration is the recent activity of Italian and other alien criminals in this country. A few weeks ago two New York policemen were killed in the pursuit of an Italian assassin. "Look at the list of outrages," say the restrictionists. "Are we to allow men of this kind to continue entering our country by hundreds of thousands every year?" A drastic restrictive measure, with an educational test as its chief feature, failed of enactment in the last Congress by the narrowest of margins; while a compromise bill, carrying an increased head-tax, became law. That efforts will be resumed in the next Congress to put through all the eliminated provisions is certain. It is therefore most significant that the friends of reasonable immigration are preparing to abandon a purely negative programme and offer constructive legislation of their own. The Liberal Immigration League, the influential organization which led in the opposition to the narrow bills of the last two years, has already suggested a method of dealing with the pressing problem of the alien criminal which deserves consideration. The idea is, in effect, to extend to criminals the principle of deportation already applied to the dependent classes. Under the present law, if an immigrant for any reason becomes a public charge before becoming a citizen, he may be sent back to the country from which he came. The Immigration Bureau has developed a system of coöperation with the poor authorities of various localities and kept its records in such a way that the operation of this law is now comparatively certain. Under this provision several hundred deportations are made from this city alone every year. If a foreigner commits a crime, however, we not only put ourselves to the expense of his punishment, but, after he has served his term, let him continue to live in this country. It is cited as an illustration of present conditions that 132 Italian "confidence men" are now in Sing Sing. If the same men, within a certain period after their arrival, had merely applied for public aid, Italy could have been compelled to take them back.

The decision which Justice Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has rendered in the case testing the right of the Government to pay for the education of Indians at sectarian schools, naturally concerns only the legal, and not the political, side of the question. The decision that the Government *can* pay money to the Roman Catholic and Lutheran schools does not at all mean that it *should*. At the same time, Justice Gould's decision establishes the principle that out of the three sources of Indian funds, two are definitely unavailable for the sectarian schools. When Congress declared in the acts of 1896 and 1897: "It is hereby declared to be the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian schools," this inhibition, according to the decision, applied not only to the money paid from the general treasury, as army or river and harbor money is paid, but also to the sums paid in fulfilment of treaty obligations, known as "treaty funds." It did not apply, however, to the "trust funds," interest paid by the United States Government on sums specifically set aside for consideration given long ago by the Indians. These can still be laid out at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. While the withdrawal of the treaty fund money will reduce the incomes of the denominational schools, the total available for Indian education will be as large as ever. If the various denominational authorities decide to support their own institutions adequately in future, it should be even larger.

The latest accident bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission, covering the three months ending December 31 last, shows that the total number of railroad casualties during that period was 20,944, an increase of 1,094 over those reported during the preceding three months. The number of passengers and employees killed was 494, an increase of 207 over the previous three months' figures; the passengers killed being 180. These figures prove conclusively that the discussion of railway conditions ought not to stop for one moment until public sentiment can be brought to bear to correct existing conditions. Hence we can but welcome, in the current *Atlantic*, Frank Haigh Dixon's article on "Railroad Accidents." Mr. Dixon goes with great detail into the various causes—overwork, negligence, inexperience, etc. His conclusion is that the "fundamental weakness of American railroading, from the standpoint of safety, is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline." This, he feels, extends all the way from

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the speculative Wall Street type of director to the humblest employee. He does not dwell upon the part played by the labor unions in bringing about this weakness; yet this phase of the question is in pressing need of immediate and unbiassed investigation.

In rejecting the bill for taxing residential property belonging to colleges and universities, the Massachusetts House of Representatives has shown itself true to the best traditions of the State. The Senate had passed this measure by a small majority, although there was no reason for supposing that the growth of exempted property was imposing a burden which was not more than outweighed by the advantages flowing from the presence of an institution of learning. Only last summer the whole question was studied by a special committee of the Legislature, which came to the conclusion that "the financial conditions of all the college towns are as satisfactory as those found in the great majority of our communities." The action of the Senate, therefore, came as an unpleasant surprise to the friends of education. But in the House, the proposal was defeated by a vote of 142 to 14, after a debate which made it clear that the historic policy of the commonwealth is not likely to be changed at the behest of a few demagogues and malcontents. It was sufficiently discreditable that the proposal could even be seriously considered.

Dr. John Watson, who died on Monday at Mount Pleasant, Ia., was a lecturer of distinction and the author of several books of education, but he will be remembered longest as the "Ian MacLaren" who was largely responsible for the vogue of the prettily humorous and pathetic kailyard fiction. If we remember correctly, it was Dr. Watson's "Bonnie Brier Bush" which rivalled S. R. Crockett's "Lilac Sunbonnet" for first place in a schedule of genius created not long since by the professor of English in a large State university. His system was beautifully simple. Out of 100 per cent. set apart, say, 20 per cent. for the height of pathos, 15 per cent. for humor, and so on through the list of sublimity, picturesqueness, etc. The result of such a test brought the kailyard fiction high above Shakespeare, for it was demonstrable that ten tears were shed over the "Bonnie Brier Bush" for one over "Hamlet." The system had its value as a striking example of what may be called the fallacy of the present; and it showed how small a part is played in great literature by the more facile emotions. The kailyard has already grown a little stale to us, but we can afford to remember Dr. Watson's stories with kindly affection.

Next we are to have an S. P. C. Q.—or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Quotations. The *Academy* urges its founding, and points out some of the cogent reasons for it. If the maiming and flogging and overworking of horses have become an offence in civilized eyes, why are not the same things cruel when done to a poetical citation? Surely, a merciful man will be merciful to quotations. When he hears some one dropping easily into "fresh *fields* and pastures new," his sensations cannot be very different from those of a sensitive man seeing a horse's tail docked. The inaccurate quoter is much more abroad than the schoolmaster, and a great number of excellent quotations are abominably ill treated at every public dinner. As for overloaded dray-horses, they are not to be named beside certain quotations. When a political orator begins: "You can fool some of the people——" the universal groan which arises from the audience betokens the same sort of sympathy that is called out by the sight of a man trying to flog a worn-out animal along the road. Of course, it is difficult actually to prevent such cruelties to quotations; but it should be possible, as the *Academy* says, to inflict "severe penalties on malefactors who misquote or distort to base uses the words of wiser men."

If a legislative measure is to be reckoned blessed when men speak evil of it, the bill which Mr. Birrell introduced into the Commons Tuesday, carrying an instalment of Home Rule for Ireland, must be accounted fortunate. It is already variously reviled as preposterously moderate and outrageously revolutionary, unspeakably timid and recklessly daring. But they cannot have it both ways. The truth lies between. To establish an Irish Council, as the Liberal Government propose, with varied administrative but no legislative powers, is not to grant Home Rule. It is, however, to give the Irish a much larger control of their own affairs; and if they prove faithful over that which is little, they may hope to be made rulers over much. And the great point is that this bill is brought in by convinced Home Rulers. Both the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary have openly declared themselves to be such. If they could, they would give Ireland absolute Home Rule outright. But they know they cannot; and hence their tentative measure is to be judged in the light of what is now wise, because practicable. The Ministry could undoubtedly put through the Commons a bill as drastic as either of Mr. Gladstone's; but it would be contemptuously thrown out by the Lords. Thus the true friends of Ireland may well pause to consider whether a substantial step in advance is not better than a passionate rush that would only result in being thrown further back than ever.

The situation that now confronts Great Britain in India calls for skilful handling. The disorders in the Punjab have an element of seriousness which is lacking in the anti-British agitation in Bengal, since the inhabitants of the Punjab have by no means the unwarlike reputation of the Bengalese. The province is the home of the Sikh, and is not unacquainted with Kipling's Pathan. In Bengal, demonstrations have been confined to speechmaking and boycotting. In Lahore, there has been ominous rioting. Now, the Punjab is not far from the northwest frontier, that tenderly sensitive nerve in the line of the British defence. What will be the effect of sedition on the restless tribes of the frontier? What on Habibullah Khan of Afghanistan, who has just returned from a visit to his good friend, Lord Minto? What will be the effect further still across the Pamir in Russia's Transcaspian territories? The London *Times* calls the events at Lahore an "unpleasant reminder of certain disquieting features in the condition of India," and calls for strong measures. "We are bound to enforce respect for British authority and to give protection to the law-abiding majority, which is still prepared to uphold that authority, but which we are apt to disregard, because it is too loyal to be clamorous." A much more moderate view is that of the Calcutta *Englishman*, which speaks in a deprecating tone of the immense expense connected with "the reforms now loudly advocated."

Both papers admit the necessity of reform, even as Secretary Morley has admitted and promised it. On the chief cause of discontent, the insufficient participation of the natives in the government of the country, the *Englishman* will not admit that the Hindus are lacking in high capacity for self-government. "We all know," it says, "that there is a great fund of dormant political wisdom in India, and it only remains to devise some expedient by which it can be tapped." It will hear nothing of suppression, and counsels that in each province a conference between leading reformers and chosen representatives of the administration be called for the discussion of existing difficulties "in a practical and friendly spirit." This would be living up to the best traditions of British colonial government. The difficulties that would have to be discussed are undoubtedly many. One is the heavy cost of British rule. In the Viceroy's Council the representatives of advanced native opinion have been demanding a reduction in army-expenditure, in view of the admitted immunity of the peninsula now from

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the danger of invasion. Under the caption of "The Sword in India," the *Englishman* writes: "Roughly speaking, the Government spends 35 out of every 100 rupees of its revenue on military and defensive operations. This is undoubtedly a very large sum to pay for insurance against disaster." A large sum, indeed, considering that military-ridden Russia and Germany spend only 15 per cent. of their revenue for the same purposes.

The refusal of Germany even to discuss the limitation of armaments at The Hague is bound to create widespread distrust. Granted Prince von Bülow's contention in the Reichstag last week, that Germany has never misused her military forces, the reason why she should join now in a movement to limit them would seem all the more cogent. The really peace-loving nation looks forward to the time when it can lay aside its arms as the frontiersman does to the hour when he can give up carrying his revolver. What possible harm can Germany suffer from participating in the Hague discussion? The Chancellor announced that if any practical result is achieved in the debate on limitation, "Germany will conscientiously examine whether it harmonizes with the protection of her peace, with her national interests, and her peculiar situation." But if the outcome of the debate is worth considering, why not take part in it, and strive to direct it into a practical channel? The surprising thing about the Reichstag discussion is the apparent unanimity of all parties in support of the Chancellor. Reduced in representation as the Social-Democrats are, they still speak for one in every three German voters, and their party has always stood out against the crushing military burdens which the laboring men have to carry. They should have been prompt to protest against the Chancellor's attitude. As Mr. Carnegie said at the Peace Congress, the Kaiser has to-day the greatest opportunity of any mortal man to bring near the day of universal peace. Thus far that opportunity seems not to appeal to him.

The conclusion of an agreement between France and Japan providing for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Far East is announced as imminent. Such an arrangement was bound to come, after Russia's overwhelming defeat. The attitude of the French Government during the war was not such as to arouse peculiar gratification at Tokio, and politicians could scarcely be called timid if they regarded with apprehension the possibility of a day of reckoning in Indo-China. That peninsula represents, as yet, the only instance of appreciable success in colonial administration that France can show. Its loss would undoubtedly mean the end of the republic as a colonial and, possibly, as a world-power. Undoubtedly, the common understanding with Great Britain will facilitate the settlement of all points of difference between the two contracting Powers, and the satisfactory progress of Russo-Japanese negotiations must also help. That Russia is planning a war of revenge is not improbable, but it is evident that the influence of France with its European ally will now be exercised to prevent or delay such a war, which itself would be costly in the extreme. In so far as regards China, all fear of foreign attack should now be completely at rest, and real progress towards internal reform should begin.

The authoritative announcement of the Russian Government's decision to proceed immediately with the double-tracking of the Siberian Railroad will be taken, of course, as one more illustration of the rather hackneyed truth that Russia never retreats but to come on again. Putnam Weale, who of late has become for us undoubtedly *the* light of eastern Asia, emphasizes the truth in a series of studies in the *North-China Herald*, dealing with "The Present Position in Far Eastern Affairs." In his concluding article he points out what great progress Russia has been making, since her expulsion from Manchuria, in the devolpment of her neighboring Amur Province. The shattering of the foolish and alien policy of naval adventure has enabled her to concentrate her strength on land, which Mr. Weale regards as her only proper field. Vladivostok, in the southern corner of the Amur Province, has enjoyed unexampled prosperity since the war. Still more marvellous has been the growth of Nikolaievsk, in the extreme northern corner of the province, at the mouth of the Amur:

> Five years ago it may have had at the full season only two or three thousand inhabitants; to-day, including the military, there are supposed to be more than twenty thousand Russians in the town.

A "forgotten" Amur railway scheme has been revived, and surveys are already under way from Blagovyestchensk and Khabarovsk, at the junction of the Amur and the Ussuri. The difficulties connected with the project are enormous—

> But against those things must be set the hardihood and certain grim tenacity of the Russian race. As a nation they are a race of men who are the Sons-o'-men—of that there is no doubt. If they will only be guided in a certain direction and become intensive instead of merely extensive, the hardihood of the race and the unparalleled natural riches of their territory will finally work out an extraordinary solution. Whether this solution will end in another anabasis—straight down to the South from Khabarovsk—it is too soon to say. Yet it is plain that there are great and unexpected things in the making.

The formation of a new Belgian Cabinet, last week, terminated the crisis precipitated by the resignation of the Smet de Naeyer Ministry on April 12. The new Premier is M. de Trooz, Minister of the Interior in the preceding Cabinet, of which one other member, M. Liebaert, remains in power as Minister of Finance. The Catholics retain control of the Government because they can rally, officially, an absolute majority in the Chamber, 89, acording to the results of last year's elections, as against 47 Liberals and 28 Socialists. The defeat of the Smet de Naeyer Cabinet was brought about by the defection of the Young Catholic element, numbering some twenty members, who have for some time opposed the conservative tendencies of the Government, from an advanced democratic standpoint. Like the German Centre, they would have the Church take the lead in social legislation, and they have shown themselves ready on occasion to join hands even with the Socialists in bringing the necessity of such a policy home to the Ministry. But a permanent alliance with the Opposition was, of course, out of the question; and there remained only the possibility of reconstituting the Catholic Cabinet on more liberal lines. That such must be the nature of the new Government follows from the ever-present danger of a second Young Catholic secession.

Although the Conservatives carried the elections in Spain, the Republicans showed themselves more numerous and active than for years. Their most notable accession was that of the most famous of living Spanish writers, Perez Galdós. He had always been a monarchist, and was once a member of the Cortes, sitting for a district in Porto Rico. But in the last election he offered himself as a Republican candidate in Madrid itself. Explaining his change of view, he said:

> My monarchist faith was long since undermined, but what has completed the transformation of my political ideas was the melancholy spectacle of the defeat of the law for the separation of Church and State. This showed that we were under a régime which had added to our numerous ruling oligarchies an intolerable ecclesiastical bossism.

Of course, Galdós was not elected, but his open revolt was an ominous sign of the times. He is "one of the glories of Spain," as his countrymen love to call him, and his blossoming out as a Republican made a sensation as great as would an announcement by Mr. Howells that he was pining for an American Emperor.

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THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE AT ALBANY.

One needs merely to scan the voting list by which Kelsey was kept in the office of Superintendent of Insurance, to perceive what an abhorrent combination it was which defeated the Governor. Doubtless, some honest Senators voted to retain Kelsey in office. They did so either for reasons of personal friendship, or because they were not convinced that his incompetence was sufficiently glaring to warrant his removal. But there was a tell-tale rallying of the worst men on both sides to thwart Gov. Hughes's honorable effort to make the public service efficient and pure. When Raines strikes hands with Grady, when Allds embraces McCarren, when the solid phalanx of Black Horse Cavalry Republicans are found riding cheek by jowl with the Tammany Senators, honest men know that they have before them a union of rogues. It was the triumph of "Raines Democrats" and "Grady Republicans."

There can be no mistaking the sinister nature of this unholy alliance. In its formation, the Kelsey case was but a temporary and minor incident. To much larger issues and richer plunder does this banding of corruptionists look forward. If an entire reform programme can be brought to earth, there will be fine pickings for the agents of the disaster to the State. Raines and Grady would, of course, find a deep bond of sympathy in any plan to prevent the offices from being taken out of politics; but once they had made a secret working agreement on this basis, they would see the great possibilities of extending it for their mutual benefit. And the State? The good of the public service? The wishes of the people? Even the welfare of the party? Really, you must not trifle with the men who engineered the plot to defeat Gov. Hughes by supposing that any such considerations ever enter their heads.

Throughout all these thickening machinations, Gov. Hughes has borne himself with a fine dignity and consistency. He has known perfectly well that he could have had his way in the Kelsey affair had he been willing to pay the price. But he has scorned to do so. An Odell in his place would have worked his will by a mixture of terrorism and bribery. He would have threatened some opposing Senators; vetoed their bills, dismissed their appointees, started back-fires in their districts; others he would have bought with offices and jobs. But Mr. Hughes started out by declaring that he would stoop to none of these low arts of the politician; that he would attempt neither to bully nor to wheedle the Legislature; that he, as Governor, would do his duty, and would expect Assembly and Senate to do theirs. Down to the very end of the fight over Kelsey, Gov. Hughes was importuned to use the political powers of his office; to "see" two or three Senators, and change the entire aspect of the contest. But he steadily refused. He might be defeated, but he would not be disgraced by eating his own words and "playing politics." "I am no politician," he said simply; "I am Governor. Those gentlemen upstairs are the Senators." The people of New York believed that they had elected a just and tenacious man Governor. Now they know it.

One audacious Senator, anxious to add lying to turpitude, affirmed in the debate last week that the reason Gov. Hughes desired to have Kelsey removed was that he "wanted the place." This would not deceive a child. The Governor has placed himself visibly above such calumny. No man has ever gone to Albany with an eye more single to the well-being of the commonwealth. He wanted the place of Superintendent of Insurance, only in the sense that he wanted it filled by a man who would be watchful over the vast interests committed to his charge, and resolute in enforcing the law. That Otto Kelsey measures up to these requirements, no sensible and open-minded man will contend. The demonstration of his ignorance and flabby indecision was complete. He has been retained in office, for the time, not because he was fit, not even because the scheming politicians cared a straw about him personally, but because he furnished a convenient excuse for Herod and Pilate to make peace in a common cause, and on skilfully chosen ground, against the Governor.

The party significance of last week's vote in the Senate is obviously great. Ten Republicans joined with seventeen Democrats to oppose and defeat the Republican Governor. The tail of the Senate wagged the dog. This shows a reckless disregard of even partisan motives which has set many to wondering. What are Raines and Allds about? Do they want the Democrats to win, not only in the Senate, but in the next State election? The answer of the Albany correspondents is that these men snap their fingers at the prospect that their course will lead straight to the defeat of their party. So long as a man like Hughes is at the head of it, they would prefer to see it defeated. Secure in their own districts, as they think themselves, they would be pleased to see a reform Governor succeeded by a man, of whatever party, with whom they could resume their political buying and selling. But we believe that their gloating over their initial success is premature. Gov. Hughes has far from exhausted his power to rouse public opinion. The people of this State have been so long unaccustomed to an honest and fearless Governor, throwing himself upon them in disregard of the bosses and the politicians, that they may seem a little slow in responding; but we are confident that Mr. Hughes has but to make his appeals still more direct and pointed, in order to rouse a sentiment in this State before which even the brazen Raines and the unspeakable Grady will cower. It is an advantage, sometimes, to know the worst. The conspiracy against the Governor is now fully uncovered. He needs only to rouse himself and state his case to the people, without mincing language or refraining from mentioning names, and then, either this year or next, his enemies, who are the enemies of decent government, will be covered with confusion, as they now are with ignominy.

A CITY THAT STAYED AWAKE.

J. Horace McFarland, the president of the American Civic Association, has just republished his pamphlet entitled, "The Awakening of Harrisburg," revised to include the progress of the work to the end of 1906. It tells a story of five years of civic endeavor and triumph which cannot but bring encouragement to any American who harbors doubts whether our cities will find their way to good government. Harrisburg began to awake to its opportunities in 1902, and elected an admirable reform mayor in February of that year. There has since been no reaction, but a steady progress upward. A second reform mayor is now in office, and the effort to beautify the city, keep it morally and physically clean, and make it afford excellent service to its inhabitants has been maintained, until now it is almost a model for other cities.

This Harrisburg achievement is the more remarkable because, as the capital of the State, it harbors the Legislature, whose influence can hardly be uplifting, particularly in view of the shocking revelations as to the "graft" in the construction of the new State house. There was little in 1901 to distinguish it from a host of other small American cities. Its rarely beautiful river bank was a mere public dump; its drinking water was typhoid-laden; its sewerage imperfect; its streets dirty and unpaved; its police ready to protect or encourage vice. It was deficient in parks, playgrounds, and the other things that go to make life in a city attractive. In May of that year a fund of $5,000 was raised in ten days to employ three engineers to report upon the municipal problems. They submitted elaborate reports, but it was found that, if the voters consented, Harrisburg's debt could be increased by $1,090,000, and that all the recommendations of the engineers, with but slight modification, would then be within the city's resources. Another $5,000 was promptly subscribed for educational work—the $10,000 thus given by private citizens being equivalent to a fund of $800,000 in New York city. The Municipal League of Harrisburg was set in

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motion, and, after an extraordinarily painstaking and thoroughgoing campaign, Vance C. McCormick, a young alumnus of Yale, was elected mayor, and the million-dollar loan approved by a majority of 3,590, out of a total vote of 11,039.

"The Administration of Mayor McCormick," says Mr. McFarland, "was a revelation. The city was cleaned up morally and physically as fast as this young man could bring it about." No man was appointed to office who was not competent, and the "pull" for once absolutely disappeared. The police force was completely reorganized; and within three years Harrisburg, with less than 75,000 inhabitants, became one of the cleanest cities in the country, its twenty-two miles of paved streets being swept daily at a cost of $1,500 per mile a year. For the extension of the asphalt pavements a real competition was obtained, with unusually low bids. An inspection bureau, organized by the mayor and backed up by the Municipal League, saw to it that only first-class pavements were laid. When Mayor McCormick's term expired, he was ineligible for reelection under the Constitution of Pennsylvania. The "machine" thought that, of course, it could now count on a return to power. Instead, another able business man, Edward J. Gross, was chosen mayor, and the work of betterment went on without a break.

The sewerage and drinking-water problems were placed in charge of a Board of Public Works, consisting of three public-spirited citizens. Built out of the proceeds of the loan, raised in February, 1902, the completed filtration plant was in operation by October, 1905, supplying "from nine to twelve million gallons a day of pure, clear, sparkling water, in place of the muddy, intermixed, and typhoid-polluted fluid previously served to our defenceless citizens." A great intercepting sewer and a number of main sewers have been built, and under a new loan, voted in 1905, further extensions of the system are being constructed. Meanwhile, the river front has been made into "one splendid strip of green more than a mile long," giving superb views of the river and mountains, and making an ideal breathing place for the people. More than two miles of this river front are being acquired for a similar metamorphosis. In all, nearly four miles will be converted into a continuous park, untouched by commerce or residence; and this is to be but a part of the parkway eighteen miles long, which is to encircle the whole city. And all the land for this parkway has been given without cost by public-spirited citizens. Meanwhile, Reservoir Park has been trebled in size, a playground of ten acres opened in a district adjoining what was the worst slum section, an island park of twenty acres has been created, and a great Wildwood Park of six hundred and fifty acres is under way, which is to have a reservoir lake as part of a flood-protection scheme.

All this and much more has been done at a slight increase in taxation—barely one-fourth that proposed when the "Harrisburg plan" was adopted. In brief, the city has demonstrated beyond a doubt that good government pays; that there is any amount of native administrative ability available in our American cities, if only party worship can be done away with. Best of all, every sign indicates that awakened Harrisburg will stay awake. There is not only no feeling of regret, but, as Mr. McFarland reports, the "citizens are looking forward to greater achievements."

OUR FOREST BALANCE SHEET.

Following upon the passage of a law which entrusts Congress, and not the President, with the duty of creating additional forest reserves, the Department of Agriculture has issued a circular by Forest Inspector R. S. Kellogg summarizing the present status of "The Timber Supply of the United States." Many years of agitation have brought a general disposition on the part of both national and State authorities to deal with our forests in accordance with a consistent and far-sighted policy.

Proper data have been difficult to secure. The estimates of this country's forest assets have had to be raised by the experts not once, but many times. In the case of several important species of trees, we have already cut and marketed a great deal more than the total was estimated to be in the census of 1880. New varieties of lumber have come into commercial use, as was illustrated by the passing of first place among lumbering States this year from Wisconsin, with its white pine, to Washington, with its Douglas fir. We have not been sure in the past just how imminent a timber failure might be, and we cannot be sure now.

Nevertheless, the one truth more accurately established than any other reveals a surprising condition. In spite of the mounting price of wood and the many industrial uses in which it has been supplanted by other materials, this country is using not only absolutely, but relatively, more wood than before. Between 1880 and 1900 this country's population increased by 52 per cent.; its lumber-cut increased by 94 per cent. Where Europe uses annually 60 feet of lumber per capita, we use about 400.

That is not in itself evidence of the imperative need of diminishing the use of wood. But it does mean that a continuous future supply must be provided very much larger per capita than that which the European forests are expected to develop. We began by treating the forest as we should treat a mineral deposit, helping ourselves to whatever we wanted, with no thought of renewal. We are just beginning to treat it as a slow-growing crop, which must be and can be developed to equal our needs. But the immediate fact is that we are reaping our crop three or four times faster than it is growing up. To quote the circular already cited:

> It has been shown that the present annual cut of forest products requires at least twenty billion cubic feet of wood. To produce this quantity of wood without impairing the capital stock, our 700 million acres of forest must make an annual increment of thirty cubic feet per acre. Under present conditions of mismanagement and neglect, it is safe to say that the average annual increment is less than ten cubic feet per acre for the entire area.

That is the problem in a nutshell. From the forests in private hands is cut annually vastly more than the necessary thirty cubic feet per acre, but it is done at the expense of the future supply, a draft, so to speak, on our capital. The Government forests, which include something like one-fifth of the total, do not yet show even an excess of receipts over expenditures, though they will doubtless soon begin to do so. There is no reason why an American forest should not be brought to the point of yielding regularly thirty feet per year. The forests of Saxony have been made to supply 93 cubic feet per acre, and those of Prussia 65 cubic feet. The net revenue reported by Dr. Fernow from 15,600,000 acres of German state, municipal, and private forests lately canvassed was equal to $2.40 per acre. Our present forest reserves alone, in the remote and improbable event of their being brought to that degree of production, would pay for the entire army and navy nearly twice over.

Because the conservation of our forests is now known to be entirely practicable, the problem is by no means settled. Four-fifths of our forest area remain outside of public control. The lumbermen themselves are far more important factors in the situation than any Government experts. From this point of view, it is encouraging to see how large a part private interests have had in the remarkable forestry achievements of some of the European countries. It is customary to think of those nations as the exponents of thoroughgoing Government control. Yet statistics published in the current number of *Forestry and Irrigation* show that a larger proportion of forest area is owned by the Government in the United States than in France or Austria. Aside from Government regulation of private owners, the idea of conservative forestry has pervaded those countries as, we may say, the idea of rotation of crops is accepted by Western communities which

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began by using up their rich soil without a look ahead.

In this same direction a very significant change has come about in the attitude of our American lumbermen. President Roosevelt said before the American Forest Congress two years ago that

> . . . Henceforth the movement for the conservative use of the forest is to come mainly from within, not from without; from the men who are actively interested in the use of the forest in one way or another, even more than from those whose interest is philanthropic and general. The difference means, to a large extent, the difference between mere agitation and actual execution; between the hope of accomplishment and the thing done.

It is too early to speak of the realization of that prophecy, but at least the plea of ignorant misuse is no longer heard.

OUTCOME OF THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

We in this country have every reason to follow with deep interest the proceedings of the Colonial Conference, now closing its sessions in London. There is involved in it a living demonstration of one of the most wonderful systems of government the world has ever known. As Mr. Balfour pointed out in his speech at the banquet given the Colonial Premiers by the 1900 Club, the history of Imperial colonization shows no parallel to the great British experiment. England herself has but slowly felt her way to the position which she at present maintains with respect to her colonies. First came control by the mother country; but this has now been abandoned. Then the right of intervention in the domestic affairs of self-governing colonies was dropped; and now we see a very "loose" connection, local independence joined with loyalty to the Empire, but a connection of a sort which really makes a greater solidarity of feeling and a more powerful whole than could result from any hard and fast system. All this is most instructive for a country just embarked on a colonial policy.

Another point which outside nations can but consider with great care is the final decision of the Conference in the matter of preferential trade. If England had departed, even but a little and only for Imperial reasons, from her settled policy of free trade, the event would have been of worldwide importance. For wrapped up in preference is retaliation. One of the Colonial Premiers frankly admitted this, but declared that England could retaliate upon the retaliators in a way to "bring them to their knees." This, however, is not so certain. Nations will suffer as much for trade rights as for any other, and a commercial war might easily be as prolonged and disastrous as one with guns and ships. Fortunately, there is no sign whatever that the Liberal Ministry will assent to the proposal to tax the products of other countries in order to swell the exports of the colonies. That path is too untried and perilous; and, besides, the Government contends that it had a plain mandate from the electorate not to place a tax upon food. Now, without a food-tax, preferential trade with the colonies is a dream. Indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has explained to the Conference how impossible it is for the Government to accede to the demands of Premier Deakin of Australia.

That question has been debated in England with a good deal of partisan animus. To some Conservatives the opportunity to make party capital out of the Colonial Conference has seemed too good to be lost. To argue that if only *we* were in power, things would march much better, is an old temptation of politicians. The Tory newspapers have not been able to resist it; and have been egging the Colonial Premiers on to make an appeal over the heads of the Government. This is so obviously intended to hurt the Liberals, rather than to help the colonies, that it is not likely to be attempted. In the letter which Mr. Chamberlain sent from the South of France, regretting his absence on account of ill health, he spoke of "the only method" of binding the colonies to the Empire—namely, of course, his own scheme of preferential or protective taxes. But Mr. Balfour rose to a larger attitude when he said that he would not press upon the colonial visitors any view which would "seem to make them bear any share whatever in the controversies which divide us at home." Such wise counsels should prevail.

One of the ambitious plans of the Balfour Government was the creation of an Imperial Council. It was proposed to the colonies in the dispatch of the Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Lyttelton, two years ago. But the strong opposition which developed then has not been lessened to-day. Canada was and remains against it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said the other day, in an interview to be telegraphed to Ottawa:

> It is well known that my views are against an Imperial Council. I do not wish that resolutions could be passed here in England that might cause trouble in Canada.

So that project was impossible. As a sort of sop, however, the name "Imperial" is hereafter to be given to the Conference itself, no longer to be known as Colonial, and a permanent secretarial staff is to be created, under the direction of the Secretary for the Colonies, with "the duty of obtaining information for the use of the Conference, of attending to its resolutions, and of conducting correspondence on matters relating to its affairs." Provision is also made for "subsidiary conferences," in case of important matters arising which cannot be postponed to the next Conference, four years hence. Here we have a real step in advance.

Such may be reckoned also the creation of what has been called a General Staff for the Empire. The plan is to have such a staff, "selected from the forces of the Empire as a whole," which shall collect and disseminate military information, prepare schemes of defence on a common principle, and advise as to the training and organization of the military forces in every part of the Empire—"without," however, "in the least interfering in questions connected with command and administration in the respective governments." That is a ticklish point and may easily prove troublesome in practice; but the General Staff is, on the whole, an improvement on Mr. Balfour's Imperial Defence Committee, and will doubtless be pointed to as one of the definite results reached at this year's Conference. Another is the plan to establish an Imperial Court of Judicial Appeal. But no one can follow the proceedings, or read the speeches, without becoming convinced that the strength and safety of the British Empire rest, more than upon a General Staff, upon what Sir Wilfrid Laurier called the "complete and untrammelled autonomy of the component parts."

THE PROBLEM OF ELECTIVES.

In a volume, "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses," Charles Francis Adams gathers together his "College Fetich," 1883, "Shall Cromwell Have a Statue?" 1902, and "Some Modern College Tendencies," 1906. Mr. Adams notes in his preface that many people have assumed a divergence of view between his speech at Harvard in 1883 and that at Columbia last year; and he adds that, had he changed his opinion, he would "not for a moment have hesitated in giving utterance to the later and more matured beliefs; for consistency in these matters is apt to be indicative of little else than either an inability or an unwillingness to observe and to learn." He protests, however, that "in this particular case there was no inconsistency." We may accept the book, then, as the formulation of Mr. Adams's creed on education. He is not a professional teacher; and yet he is hardly an amateur, for during more than half of the fifty years since his graduation from Harvard he has served on the Board of Overseers and he has taken the keenest interest in the problems that have come before it. Inevitably, his comments apply with special force to Harvard, but much that he says is also pertinent to the small college and to the Western State university.

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The gist of his arraignment of present conditions is contained in a Supplementary Note to his last address; here he sums up his points and answers his critics. He declares roundly:

> The existing American academic system and its logical tendencies as of late developing under the exigencies of growth, are . . . fundamentally and structurally wrong. The material organization . . . is radically out of date and defective; the soundness of the educational methods in use are very open to criticism.

These are sweeping charges. No one, however, can deny that the college curriculum is chaotic. We have discarded the old hard-and-fast required course, and we are passing to greater or less freedom of electives. We are experimenting with groups of studies, with required classics and mathematics in the freshman year, with required English for two or three years, with a requirement of a single course in science, chosen from a dozen, and so on through many permutations and combinations. The result, Mr. Adams thinks, has been "an unscientific anomaly—something neither American nor English, nor yet German." He maintains that a boy of seventeen or eighteen is not "the most competent judge of his own intellectual structure and educational needs"; and that the so-called freshman advisers are "only in degree less immature." As evidence of the weakness which the elective system has developed in practice, he points not merely to the direct efforts to limit it, but also to the attempts to supplement it by manning the large and popular elective courses with a body of instructors and preceptors. This remedy also, Mr. Adams argues, is likely to be inadequate. The outcome to which he looks in the remote future is "the sublimated academy—the family, or cluster, of independent schools together constituting the college, and the college the gymnasium preparatory to the university." Harvard, for example, might break up into a group of colleges, "each with its own head, and not so large as to make it impossible for that head, not as a specialist, but as a friend and preceptor, personally to influence the individual student."

The argument that what Mr. Adams proposes is the English system, and is therefore un-American, is, of course, irrelevant. The question is whether the plan, by whatever name it be called, would be useful. On the side both of intellectual and moral discipline, such small colleges as Mr. Adams describes have much to commend them. The most loyal son of Harvard would admit that Cambridge may not be the place for every boy. There are lads who would be lost in the crowd there. If we agree with Mr. Adams that character-building should be the highest function of the college, we cannot but grant also that certain youths of seventeen or eighteen might fare better under the fostering care of the smaller and more compact institutions. On the contrary, the very size of Harvard and Yale is often a stimulus to those who from boyhood are robust and self-reliant. We cannot imagine Mr. Adams, for instance, as being submerged by mere numbers.

But aside from the relative advantages of large colleges and small—and the vital question here is rather as to the quality of the individual boy and his special needs—the problem of electives still confronts us. The small college as well as the large must have its electives, for the simple but cogent reason that the field of modern knowledge is so wide. The sciences, history in all its branches, economics, philosophy, modern languages, the classics—and so on through the almost endless list—furnish an educational programme from which no rigid prescription can be made for those who want a general education. To lay out a curriculum for a professional training is relatively easy; but in this whole country there is not a faculty which would vote with even an approach to unanimity for a purely collegiate, prescribed course of three or four years. This difficulty President Eliot pointed out thirty years ago, and time has strengthened his argument. Mr. Adams himself sees the barrier:

> Would it not, for instance, be practicable as well as best for Harvard to have different colleges giving different degrees for different courses of study, all to feed the university? . . . Why insist on one baccalaureate degree and one term of study?

Why, indeed? But the immature boy of seventeen, advised by some one "only a degree less immature," must still make the choice between the several small schools, or colleges. He must accept the elective system in one shape or another; and Harvard, whether as a single college containing several thousand students, or as several colleges containing a few hundred each, would be much the same thing. The form which Mr. Adams proposes may or may not help to lighten the troubles of deans and disciplinarians. In the meantime, we must muddle along with some kind of elective system.

NATURALISTIC HISTORY.

"Tell About that I am going to write the 'Révolution' as I wrote the 'Ancien Régime,' *en pur naturaliste*." So wrote Taine to Francisque Sarcey in 1876. The letter from which the extract is taken, together with a number of others, is published in the mid-April number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is an interesting and instructive correspondence, letting us, as it does, into the mental workshop of Taine in the years when he was at his arduous labors as an historian. We see him taking infinite pains; going down among the dead men in the archives; passing laborious days in tearing the heart out of provincial records and the letters of the little-great men of country towns; appealing to friends to assist him in verifying his facts and clearing up his puzzles. The personal impression of the man is throughout most attractive. His high zealousness is vividly revealed. He knew that he was about to shatter certain national idols, yet he held on his way with admirable devotion and courage. He wrote to his mother in May, 1876: "The French Revolution, studied at close range and by means of authentic documents, is very different from what people believe; so I have to be exceedingly careful, for it is a religion, and they will fall upon me as upon a blasphemer."

Taine's theory of the true method of writing history is brought out again and again in these letters. Never was there such a glutton of facts. His desire to be "documented" amounted to a passion. Nothing was so minute as not to be worth his scrutiny. He professed complete detachment of spirit. All exhortation and drawing of morals and polemic intention, with all reflections upon present politics seen in the light of the past, he resolutely put far from him. He seemed to think that if he could only drench himself in the facts, he could write the ideal history.

It is a question, however, whether Taine, or any other historian, could ever wholly avoid what Browning called "the instinctive theorizing, whence the fact looks to the eye as the eye likes the look." Indeed, it is clear that Taine brought preconceptions to his wide and patient study of the dry details. He was but partially aware of this, yet the admission tacitly escapes him in these letters. Writing to Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, he said: "In me, the historian is tinged with the psychologist." The author of "The Revolution" could not get away from the author of "The Intelligence." Thus he long strove to penetrate the real mind of the Jacobins. "Let me once frame the true psychology of a Jacobin," he cried, "and my book is written." Yet, with Taine, psychology and even morals always tended to translate themselves into the terms of the physical sciences. So his analysis of the mental state of a generation insensibly passed into that of its pathological condition. He began to talk about the "imperfect organization of France," as at once "apoplectic and anæmic." Thus he gave one proof more of the truth of Lord Acton's dictum, that the mere amassing of facts never made a great history; that erudition, however amazing, can never take the place of the critical faculty; and that the presiding and interpreting mind of the writer must always count for more than all the doc-

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uments which he can drag out of Simancas, or the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Taine, of course, was a great literary artist, as well as delving student. His lurking fear was that his heaping up of proof and close following of his authorities might impair the æsthetic quality of his work. To Gaston Paris he wrote in 1881 inviting criticism to three points in his history: "(1.) Is it sufficiently novel? (2.) Is it sufficiently proved? (3.) Is it sufficiently literary?" On this last head, Taine confessed to having painful doubts. And we think the general opinion would justify them. All his writing was, of course, marked by neat precision of phrase and delicate verbal distinctions; but his material too much overbore him in his historical writings, and he often has the air, not of a great narrator in a fine glow, but of a dry professor making an anatomical demonstration. He was aware of this danger, and held steadily before his eyes the examples of the grand manner. Among these, he reckoned Macaulay, at whom it has been the recent fashion to sneer. But Taine spoke with keen admiration of his blending of industry and imagination. "Macaulay," he wrote, "was able to be an exact critic and complete artist (the siege of Londonderry, the state of Ireland in 1690, the portrait of William III.)."

The "naturalist" school of historians has done a valuable work, and had a great influence; but its day seems now to be passing. The limitations of the method have become apparent, while, from a literary point of view, the frequently repellent nature of the results attained has been a weariness to the flesh of many. The whole battle of the rival systems is amusingly rendered in Frederic Harrison's well-known skit on "The History Schools." In it he sets before us the "Freemanikins," struggling with their palisades at Senlac and their Ecgfriths, and maintaining that "in history you cannot trust a fellow who tries to be interesting. If he pretends to be philosophical, you may know him to be an impostor." There were also the disciples of Froude, going in stoutly for "literary history," and so much the worse for the facts if they were not what you thought them. Keeping the safe middle course was the shrewd lawyer of the dialogue, who held that "no research and no insight, no labor and no subdivision of labor, will ever enable you to reach the literal and particular truth about every minor incident"; that "the microscopic eye, with its power of ten thousand diameters, will, after all, only show an infinite series of minute specks." His advice to the young man "going into the historical line" was not very unlike that which Taine would have given. Not advice, but practice, is the hard thing in these matters. The recommendations of Mr. Harrison's Q. C. (himself in thin disguise) were as follows: "First, indefatigable research into all the accessible materials; secondly, a sound philosophy of human evolution; thirdly, a genius for seizing on the typical movements and the great men; and, lastly, the power of a true artist in grouping subjects, and in describing men and events." The recipe is not bad; but first catch your historian.

BOOK NOTES FROM SWEDEN.

The most important scientific and literary centre in Sweden, next to the capital, is Upsala, with its university. The dissertations which its students present for their degrees cover a large field and are often important contributions to science; and the monographs collected under the cover of its *Årsskrift* are written by scholars of repute. An interesting picture of this activity is presented in the new "Upsala Universitets Matrikel," which gives, in addition to a list of officers and instructors, the titles of books and articles written by them. Nine or ten scientific and literary periodicals are issued under the auspices of the university and its institutions, among them the new organ of Oriental research in all its branches, *Le Monde Oriental*. In the way of minute research there are also several so-called *Festschrifte*, which are published on the occasion of the birthday or other anniversary of some well-known scholar. Several such volumes have lately been published in honor of Upsala professors: "Studier tillägnade Henrik Schück på hans 50-årsdag d. 2-Nov., 1905"; "Festschrift Olof Hammarsten zu seinem 65sten Geburtstage den 21-sten August, 1906, gewidmet"; "Botaniska Studier tillägnade F. R. Kjellman den 4 November, 1906." Among the learned societies in Upsala there are four or five whose publications are of considerable value. Then, too, there is Vilhelm Ekmans Universitetsfond, a fund of 100,000 kronor for the publication of scientific works. With this subvention a number of volumes have been issued, and two more works are now in course of preparation: a catalogue of the incunabula of the University Library in Upsala, by D. I. Collijn, and, in cooperation with Kungl. Vetenskapssocieteten, a work on runic inscriptions, by Prof. O. von Friesen. Among the larger scientific works undertaken by professors in Upsala mention is due to Adolf Noreen's grammatical work "Vårt Språk," G. Rydberg's "Zur Geschichte des Französischen," N. J. Göranson's "Undersökning af Religionen," W. Sjögren's "Förarbetena till Sveriges lag 1686-1736," "Corpus inscriptionum Etruscarum," which is now edited by Prof. O. A. Danielson. The second part of Henrik Schück's "Världs-litteraturens Historia," devoted to the literature of Israel, receives its greatest value from its being the first comprehensive study, in the Swedish language, of this important subject.

Turning now from Upsala to Stockholm, we should first mention the annual report of the Nobel committee, "Le prix Nobel," of which the volume for 1903 has just been issued. These reports contain, besides the account of the festivities in connection with the awarding of the prizes, the public lectures which are usually delivered in Stockholm by the laureates. To celebrate the 200th anniversry of the birth of Peter Artedi, the naturalist and friend of Linnæus, the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm has issued a memoir of his life and work, by Prof. Einar Lönnberg. This book has been translated into English. The Nobel Stipendiate, Prof. S. Arrhenius, published recently, under the title "Väldarnas Utveckling," a popular exposition of his investigations, beginning with a chapter of current interest on seismic and volcanic phenomena, and ending with a statement of the author's hypothesis of the "life seed." Prof. Axel Kock in Lund is at work with a large phonetic work, "Svensk Ljudlära," of which two or three parts have appeared. Gustaf F. Steffen, known to English-speaking readers through his work on the development of wages among English laborers, publishes a series of smaller sociological monographs, under the common title Sociala Studier, in which he intends to "explain the origin of modern society, its most important characteristics and tendencies, and the most urgently needed reforms." Among the subjects treated in the first four parts are "The School, Society, and Sociology," "The State, Society, and Culture," "The Principle of Social Politics in Taxation." Prof. Vitalis Norström, the new member of the Swedish Academy, and one of the most vigorous philosophical thinkers in Sweden, offers in his latest work, "Den nyaste människan," a criticism of modern culture from a conservative, yet progressive point of view.

The northern half of Sweden, Norrland, is attracting attention, not only on account of its industrial possibilities. The educational and intellectual needs of its population are being more and more appreciated, as several publications bear witness. Among them are the illustrated work, "Lapland," edited by Bishop J. O. Bergquist and Dr. F. V. Svenonius, and a series of smaller tracts published by a society of students, scientists, authors, and artists, called Norrländska Studenters Folkbildningsförbund. A larger undertaking, with wider scope, is Norrländskt Handibliotek, intended to give, in a number of good-sized volumes, a complete description of this part of Sweden. It is edited by Prof. A. G. Högbom, who has written the initial volume, a description of the geology and physical geography of the country, with an introductory chapter on the history and literature of its discovery. With Norrland literature must also be counted O. Högberg's "Den Stora Vreden," a collection, in three volumes, of legendary and anecdotal material for the history of Norrland in former days, woven round a story of the lives of a few well-known characters from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In biography we meet the posthumous fragment of the late Oscar Levertin's work on Linnæus, four chapters only, giving an account of his childhood and school years, and an estimate of him as poet and moralist. Though Linnæus wrote hardly a line of verse, Levertin finds in his more informal productions, especially letters and books of travel, qualities indicating a poetical nature. E. Wrangel edits correspondence between Tegnér and C. G. von Brinkman, with a biography of the latter and run-

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ning comment. Teofron Säve devotes a book to the life of John Ericson. G. Collijn, a young Upsala student, has written a large volume on the Austrian poet and dramatist Franz Grillparzer, with interesting expositions of his dramas and many translations. Another work on a foreign poet is E. Björkman's "Geoffrey Chaucer," in the series of popular lectures at the University of Gothenburg. In the same series Otto Sylwan publishes his "Den Moderna Pressens Historia," the first history of the press throughout the world.

The third volume (in two parts) of Ellen Key's "Lifslinjer" develops further her well-known individualistic philosophy, in essays—"The Sympathy of Self-Glorification," "The Moral Law of Beauty," "World Nationalism," etc. John Landquist is a young critic who in "Filosofiska Essayer" has collected a number of studies in philosophy and psychology, of which the essay on "Thinking with the Sensations" seems most important; he writes also of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Weininger.

In fiction we meet again the name of Oscar Levertin on the title page of a volume of his "Last Stories," most of which have been printed before in various places. Strindberg offers in his "Nya Svenska Öden" a new series of historical novelettes. But the most conspicuous work of fiction of the season has been Selma Lagerlöf's fanciful description of Sweden, entitled "Nils Holgerssons Underbara Resa genom Sverige." The book, which was written to the order of her publisher to meet the demand for a popular supplementary reader for the public schools, has aroused general admiration. Per Hallström's "De fyra Elementen" is a collection of short stories written in a rather sombre vein. The first, "Mute," is a story of two young people who part in mistaken pride and harshness, to meet again only after she is the wife of another. Other new works of fiction are Hugo Öberg's "Makter" and "Allt under Himmeleris Fäste," which seem to indicate a departure from the decadent mannerism of the youngest writers; the historical novels "Drottning Margareta" by Axel Lundegård and "Konungen" by Sophie Elkan, the last named having for hero the deposed King Gustavus IV. of Sweden; Gustaf Janson's "De första människorna," the story of a shipwrecked family on an uninhabited island, and their life in paradisic innocence; K. E. Forsberg's "Göran Delling"; G. of Geijerstam's "Bröderna Mörk"; P. Hallström's "En Skälmroman"; N. W. Lundh's "Mars"; Anna Åkerhjelm's "Den stora Lyckan"; Hjalmar Höglund's "Skogsinspektören"; Mari Mihi's "Studentens Lyckliga Dar," a collection of stories of Upsala student life in the nineties.

The season has brought many interesting poetical works: E. A. Karlfeldt's "Flora och Pomona," in this author's quaint, old-fashioned manner; Ellen Lundberg's "Sånger och Syner"; Sigurd Agrell's "Hundra och en Sonnett"; Bernhard Risberg's "Vallno och Blåklint"; Oscar Mannström's "Rös och En"; Johan Skog's "Blad." Arthur Möller has collected, in a small volume entitled "Unga Poeter," a number of poems by some of the youngest of Sweden's lyric poets: K. G. Ossian-Nilsson, Sven Lidman, Sigurd Agrell, Anders Österling, and others.

Only three dramas were published during the year: "Ett Hems Drama," by Tor Hedberg; "Nattens Röster," by Anders Österling; and Hjalmar Söderberg's "Gertrud," this author's first effort in this branch of literature.

Of translations, E. Lundquist's of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, A. U. Bååth's of mediæval student and tramp songs, "Vagantsånger," and S. Bring's of Dante's "Divina Commedia" deserve mention; the latter received the Letterstedt prize of the Swedish Academy of Sciences.

Two new magazines have appeared with the new year: *Det Nya Sverige*, edited by Adrian Molin, intended as an exponent of the new national and progressive movement in Swedish politics, though open to writers of all parties; and *Bonnier's Månadshäften*, a general illustrated magazine.

Two important reference books are being published in new editions: "Nordisk Familjebok," the well-known encyclopædia, which now appears with numerous illustrations and otherwise much enlarged; and "Hofberg's Svenskt Biografiskt Hand-Lexikon," just completed and increased to twice its original size, with numerous portraits, many from old and rare prints.

The separation from Norway and the increasing demands for a democratization of the government have given rise to a vigorous political discussion, in the newspaper press, at public meetings, and in books. The most important of the books are: Adrian Molin's "Svenska Spörsmal och Kraf," Rudolph Kjellén's "Nationell Samling," Fridtjuf Berg's "Inför Genombrottet," and Carl Lindhagen's "Drömmar och Stridslinjer."

One of Sweden's last Catholics, Olaus Magnus, published during his exile, in Rome, in the year 1555, his "Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," the first ethnographical description of a European people. Not less than twenty-one editions of this work appeared from 1555 to 1669, eleven in Latin, the others in Italian, French, Dutch, German, English, but no Swedish translation has yet been issued. A small club of scholars and bookmen, called Mikaelsgillet, has now undertaken to prepare a Swedish edition of the work, and the first volume is expected to be ready on June 6, when the new building of Nordiska Museet will be opened to the public. The translation is by Robert Geete and will occupy three volumes, with a fourth of illustrative notes prepared by Claes Annerstedt, E. W. Dahlgren, Hans Hildebrand, Oscar Montelius, A. G. Noreen, and others. The typographical make up of the work is in charge of I. Collijn; it will imitate that of the 1555 edition, and contain all the illustrations of the original edition.

A. G. S. Josephson.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

What is probably the best collection of the mouments of Shakespearean bibliography ever exhibited in this country is now on view at the library of Columbia University. With the exception of one volume, the not very valuable copy of the first folio owned by the university itself, all the books exhibited have been loaned by a single collector, who modestly withholds his name. An hour spent over the cases, which contain only a portion of his treasures, will give one a fair idea of what American wealth and taste and knowledge are doing to secure for this new country a fair share of the world's artistic and bibliographical wealth.

The most valuable item is the exceptionally perfect copy of the first folio. The copy of the second folio is only fair, the third is missing, but will be supplied from another collection, the fourth is represented by an excellent copy. Of the quartos there is a large and interesting assortment—the 1594 "Lucrece"; the 1598 "Love's Labor's Lost," with two later ones; three of "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," "I Henry IV.," "Hamlet," "Richard III.," and "Pericles," respectively; "Much Ado" (1600); the second of "Troilus and Cressida" (1609); four of "Othello"; and about ten others. There is a good copy of the "Sonnets" (1609), and, indeed, one is struck by the excellent condition of almost every volume exhibited.

Probably the most attractive case is that containing the contemporary books that allude to Shakespeare or illustrate passages in his works. Here are "The Returne from Parnassus," Chettle's "Englande's Mourning Garment" (Collier's copy), "England's Parnassus" (three copies), the apparently unique copy of the first edition (1592) of Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit," Meres's "Palladis Tamia," and, last but very far from least, the second edition—a beautiful copy—of "Tottel's Miscellany." And all this represents only about a third of the contents of this single case. A similar but smaller division of the exhibition shows us among other interesting volumes, two copies of Paynter's "Pallace of Pleasure." The bibliophile will look with envy upon a large paper copy of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," while the lover of poetry will probably get greater pleasure from a glimpse of Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea." A number of volumes fall under the head of *curiosa*, there is a good collection of the attributed plays that lie outside the accepted canon, and the adaptations by Dryden, Tate, Shadwell, and others are well represented.

On May 13, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of Americana belonging to a Long Island collector whose name is not made public. Few notable items are to be found in the catalogue, which includes sections on the Civil War, Indians, Abraham Lincoln, New York, War of 1812, and a curious series of American Song Books, mostly of the Civil War period. On May 14, the same house sells another lot of duplicates from the New York Public Library, mostly Americana, some being from the Duyckinck and Bancroft collections. Their sale of May 15 is quite miscellaneous in character, but includes an unusual series of books on such subjects as Astrology, Magic, and Buddhism. A collection of autograph letters formed by Dawson Turner (1775-1858), containing upwards of fourteen hundred specimens, bound in ten volumes quarto, is an unusual item.

On May 13, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a collection of autographs and manuscripts, including a letter signed by Washington, dated December 20, 1778; a war telegram by Grant, a Franklin document, slave deed, dated 1690, etc. There are letters by Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Prescott, Charles Reade, Goethe, Voltaire, and others. Among manuscripts are: T. B. Aldrich (a stanza, four lines,

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signed); Matthew Arnold (his lecture "Common Schools Abroad," 34 pages); Alphonse Daudet (his story "L'Odyssée du Brise-Cailloux," 5 pages); Southey (a poem "Epitaph in Burleigh Church," 3 pages), etc. On May 14, they sell a collection of Americana, including a copy of Mr. Bixby's privately printed "Private journal of Aaron Burr"; books on the Revolution, Arctic exploration, the Civil War, Indians, Lincoln, New York, New Jersey, etc.; books on the West, including California, Texas, and Colorado, etc. On May 17, they sell three hundred and four lots of early printed books, mostly relating to the History of the Reformation. There are eight items by Calvin, thirty-two by Luther, ten by John Cochleus, the famous adversary of Luther; eight by Erasmus, eleven by Ulrich von Hutten, nine by Melanchthon, eleven by Zwingli, etc. The copy of the Heidelberg Catechism printed at Embden in 1565 is the only copy known. One of the most interesting items is a copy of the 1516 edition of a curious pamphlet, with the title: "De Generibus Ebriosorum et Ebriotate vitanda," which relates to the drinking customs of the German universities. On the title-page is a wood-cut showing a drinking party of nine animals (ass, pig, calf, sheep, dog, wolf, bear, monkey, and goose).

On May 30, Sotheby sells a small collection of manuscripts, including letters of John and Charles Wesley, Gilbert White, John Flaxman, Swedenborg, Dickens, Thackeray, Darwin, King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, etc. The most interesting item seems to be Sir Francis Drake's own copy of a contract for war provisions, shipping, etc., for the Low Countries, dated October 12, 1588. It is partly in his autograph, and is signed by him.

Correspondence.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for April 25 appears Prof. W. E. Dodd's communication on "Freedom of Speech in the South," in which he says:

> There is not in all the Southern States, between the Potomac and the Mississippi, a chair of political science; and the interest in sound instruction on political subjects is so weak that there is no agitation anywhere for the establishment of such departments.

If Professor Dodd's first sentence be modified by adding to "political science" the word "exclusively," the statement will probably be correct, not only for Southern colleges, but for most of those in the North and West. On examining the various college catalogues it will be found that the same man often teaches "history and political economy," or "economics and political science," or "history and political science," or "economics and sociology." Forty years ago a course in "political philosophy" was given in the South Carolina College. To decide at present just what is "sound" instruction in politics would perhaps be somewhat difficult if the decision were referred to a committee of three made up of a Republican, a Democrat, and a Socialist. It might also be a little hard to determine the limit at which a strong desire passes into agitation. The existence of the desire in many colleges could be easily proved, but the weakness is in regard to money.

In 1898 the late William L. Wilson, whose name is associated with a tariff law that gave place to the present Dingley abomination, was president of Washington and Lee University. He insisted on the establishment of a chair of economics and political science for the maintenance of which no funds were visible. During the year prior to his death in 1900 he paid the salary for the most part from his own pocket. The chair was subsequently endowed in memory of Mr. Wilson, and has been expanded into a "school of commerce" which has over two hundred students enrolled and occupies the entire time of a professor and an adjunct professor. There are two courses in economics, two in politics, and four in commerce, each occupying three class hours per week throughout the scholastic year. One of the subjects of instruction is "Modern Tariff Systems," in which the Dingley system is treated impartially. The head of the department is a Northern man and his associate a Virginian. Courses of instruction in political science are offered in Tulane University and in the Universities of South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. The University of Virginia announces that "a full professor of economics" has been lately appointed. Whether his duties are to include political science will probably be made known in the next annual catalogue.

It is readily conceded that the educational condition of the South is still much behind that of the North, and that it will continue so as long as the concentration of wealth is chiefly at the North. Conservatism is always irrationally strong where people have not the opportunity to mingle freely with the rest of the world. The provincialism of Massachusetts was quite as noticeable as that of Virginia a century ago. Freedom of thought and freedom of speech are inconsistent with provincialism, but the South is not at a standstill in this respect. The present writer moved to the North thirty years ago because of the shackles to which he was subjected in his Southern home. He came back as far as Virginia nine years ago; and he finds such changes, either in himself or his surroundings, that contentment is quite possible. There are many sources of unhappiness that have their origin in human nature much more than in sectional peculiarities. Slavery to corporations at the North is to-day much worse than negro slavery was to the negroes as the writer remembers it in his childhood. Nobody wants to restore negro slavery, and nobody can change the essential character of an unfortunate race. Intelligent people in both sections are perceptibly more liberal toward each other to-day than they were during the national "brain storm" of Reconstruction times, and the spirit of self-criticism is developing at the South, as well as elsewhere. There is still abundant room for improvement, especially in regard to theological prejudice, but a professor is now tolerated where a generation ago his head would have fallen. Let us be at least just and give full credit where credit is due.

W. Le Conte Stevens,

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, W. Va., April 28.

LYDGATE IN THE "OXFORD TREASURY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There has appeared in the course of the last few months the first volume of the "Oxford Treasury of English Literature," edited by G. E. and W. H. Hadow of Oxford. It is regrettable that this volume, which purposes to popularize the poems and prose from Beowulf to James I., should not have been based on sound modern scholarship. May I call your attention to the injustice done John Lydgate, for example?

This poet is represented by extracts from the "Horse, Goose, and Sheep," a dull, didactic debate of Lydgate's old age (1437-8?), and by the "London Lickpenny," erroneously entitled "Lackpenny," following Halliwell's wrong guess, in his editon for the Percy Society, 1840 ("Minor Poems of Lydgate"). Miss Hammond's two-text print of this poem is entirely neglected. Her study shows that at some time in Elizabeth's reign a copyist revised Stow's copy, which was in eight-line stanzas, and rejected one line in each stanza (often to the detriment of the sense), bringing the poem to a rhyme-royal form. It is from this corrupt and defective text that the poem is printed, and ascribed without question to Lydgate, in complete disregard of the views of Ten Brink, Brandl, Koeppel, and most of all, our own Miss Hammond, who all pronounce the poem spurious.

Page 138 of this volume is devoted to a note on Lydgate, from which I cite the following errors:

(1.) "Educated, in all probability . . . at Gloucester Hall, Oxford." There is only the slightest possibility, and no probability at all for this statement. Shirley, the famous scribe, in his untrustworthy MS. Bodleian Ashmole 59, says that one fable of Lydgate's—"The Dog and Cheese"—was "made at Oxenforde." The poem, however, gives evidence of being of late composition. To argue from this that Lydgate must have received his education at the Benedictine Hall of Oxford, is unwarranted.

(2.) He "opened a school at Bury." There is no warrant for this statement whatever. The late bibliographer, Bale, is the only authority for it.

(3.) "He was well acquainted with Chaucer." Lydgate knew Chaucer's poems by heart, almost, but there is no evidence that he ever saw the "chief poete of Britayne."

(4.) "Early in the fifteenth century he was introduced at the court of Henry IV." Again, there is no evidence for this statement.

(5.) "On the accession of Henry VI. he was appointed Court Poet." This is mere fabrication, for the title implies a laureateship. Lydgate wrote mummings and ballades for the young king and his mother, as he did for the citizens of London.

(6.) "From 1423 to 1434 he was Prior of Hatfield Regis." Lydgate gave up this priorate before 1431. John Derham's name appears as prior of this place in this year. See Anglia, xv., 390ff.

(7.) "Among his lighter poems the most famous is the 'London Lackpenny,' written in his favorite metre, the rhyme royal, and showing far more ease and flexibility than he ever attained in his heroic verse." Wrong in every particular. The poem is

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not Lydgate's, it was not written in the rhyme royal, it does not show more ease than the "Story of Thebes," for example, and its name is "Lickpenny."

(8.) To call a tract occupying only eight folios of a quarto MS., a "volume in prose," is somewhat misleading. We do not know that "Lydgate" entitled (this tract) "The Damage and Destruccyion in Realmes," we do know that he refers again and again to "The Serpent of Division," by which name the piece is generally known.

It would perhaps be too much to expect the editors to have secured the latest opinions of the learned, such as those of Professor Schick of Munich and Dr. Furnivall, who now believe that the "Court of Sapience" and the "Assembly of Gods" are spurious. Both these poems are unhappily cited as specimens of Lydgate, while the "Fabula Duorum Mercatorum," the "Complaint of the Black Knight," "Temple of Glass," and the "Pilgrimage of the Life of Man" (25,000 lines)—to name but a few—go unmentioned.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Harvard University, April 25.

TRUANCY IN CHICAGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to that perpetual plague of truancy in public school administration, Superintendent W. H. Maxwell of New York, in the *Nation* of April 25, compares the methods employed in New York with those of Chicago. Judging from statistics, the Chicago plan would seem the more efficient. This, Dr. Maxwell thinks, is because of the superiority of the Illinois law. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that public opinion in Chicago is more fully aroused than in New York, as the result of painful experiences which the latter city has been spared.

For many years the truancy problem was simply ignored; there was, in theory, no such thing as a truant boy; or, if there was, he was a negligible quantity; the evil, if such existed, would cure itself; possibly there might be negligent parents and wayward children in other cities, but in Chicago it was different; there all boys were naturally good, and all parents were conscientious; the previous experience of mankind was futile and unworthy of consideration. The rod and all suggestions of force and compulsion were abolished as a relic of barbarism; unruly and troublesome boys were "suspended" (that is, simply turned out into the street); children who did not care to go to school were permitted to stay out; parents who failed to appreciate the blessings of a gratuitous public education for their offspring, were allowed to do as they liked with their own. This was a free country, and why not?

The experiment was tried, and in a few years the results were illuminating. The public gradually came to see that the town was becoming one of the most turbulent and lawless in the country. Riots, massacres, strikes with bloodshed, highway robbery, and assaults on women and children furnished the needed object lessons.

In a lucid interval the Legislature was persuaded to pass a stringent truancy law, and this law has been rigidly enforced in Chicago. Under this law the parent is required to show affirmatively to the satisfaction of the court, that he has used his best efforts to send the child to school; otherwise, fine or imprisonment follows. The burden of proof is on the parent to show that he has done his duty to the community by sending his child to school, either public or private. In the absence of reasonable evidence to the contrary the court assumes that an able-bodied man can control his minor children. A twenty-five dollar fine or two months in jail, it has been found, has a wonderfully vivifying influence on negligent and indifferent parents. The rising generation is being coerced into a respect for law and order. To the impartial student of affairs it seems a pity that the public can learn in no other school than that of harsh experience.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, Ill., April 29.

AN OXFORD VIEW OF MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your musical notes of April 11 are very interesting to one who, like myself, has long resided in Oxford and has the pleasure of knowing both Dr. Ernest Walker and Mr. W. H. Hadow. Dr. Walker as "a bull in a china shop, smashing everybody's favorite crockery," sounds most engaging, and I shall look forward to reading his article on the Oratorio in the new "Grove." Neither Handel nor Liszt is *my* favorite crockery, as it happens, and we all know what Dr. Walker has done in imbuing successive generations of pupils with the love of that supreme musician, Johann Sebastian Bach.

When I come to your critic's remarks on Mr. Hadow's attitude towards Grieg and Chopin, however, I am completely in sympathy. Mr. Hadow's services to music are very great, but why his tone of the infallible don towards such spontaneous geniuses as Grieg and Chopin? With me it arouses an almost personal indignation, for both these children of nature have spoken to my heart and to my imagination. The heart, however, is not fashionable in Oxford society, where they cultivate *die reine Vernunft*. If only Dr. Schiller were a musician, he could show us how fatal this must be to the perception of real music in all its manifestations. Catholicity in art, in life, in religion—that is the crying need of our age. Oh, for an hour of the days of my youth, when I sat at the feet of Sir George Grove and Canon Ainger! Then we were allowed to enjoy *everything* that was good.

I do not comment upon the remarks of Prof. Edward Dickinson about Schubert, as happily they could not be endorsed by any Oxford musicians, and certainly not by Mr. Hadow.

I do not speak as an expert, but as a mere amateur in music and in philosophy.

M. D.

Oxford, England, April 23.

SMUGGLING WORKS OF ART OUT OF ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your very just remarks in the *Nation* of April 25, about the transfer of Italian masterpieces to America, permit me to add that a great part of the evil might be checked, so far as the actual alienation of these works is concerned, by means of an honest frontier or port inspection of all outward bound shipments. People who smuggle things of this sort out of Italy without intermediary aid are either wealthy dealers or private collectors, who are willing to run the risk of having to unship their treasures and present them at the nearest Government museum for appraisal; or they are collectors who, in the full realization of this risk, prefer to place the work in the hands of men who will, at an exorbitant rate, transmit almost any work of any size or value from a specified town to the desired destination.

One of the most important of these industries is at Naples, where for nearly a generation this profitable but most questionable trade has flourished. There is a comparatively simple but effective system of presenting at the museum a series of dummy cases, facsimiles of those really to be shipped; and, when the valueless content of the former is declared to be legally exportable, the expresser causes the seals and tags to be shifted from the dummy to the real case, which then passes the harbor inspectors.

As soon as this type of freebooting shipment becomes extinct the present exodus of Italian works of art will be at once checked. The pity of it is, that this can flourish under the very eyes of the authorities at both Naples and Rome. It needs the corrective action of highly placed officialdom to crush it. So far, indifference, friendship, and other causes combine to maintain this thriving trade.

T. D. B.

Cambridge, Mass, April 26.

Notes.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have in hand a version of Fogazzaro's "Malombra," to be called in English "The Woman." It is a tale of romantic mystery, a beautiful work in the original.

Next week Robert Grier Cooke will publish Rosina C. Boardman's quarto volume on "Lilies and Orchids." The volume contains twenty-four colored plates and promises to be a handsome production.

The Bibliographical Society of America announces the forthcoming publication of a Bulletin, which, besides being the official organ of the society, will contain a record of current American bibliographical work. It is intended that it shall include a list of bibliographical studies which members of the society or others have under way; this will be useful as a means of preventing duplication of work.

Blond et Cie. are publishing a study of "Ferdinand Brunetière," by Prof. Victor Giraud, containing recollections, notes, unpublished scraps, and a portrait. The same house has ready Oscar de Ferenzy's "Vers l'union des Catholiques."

A voluminous manuscript of Ibsen's, written before 1864, has come to light. It contains an epic poem of some 20,000 words, in which are found many of the ideas later developed in "Brand" and other dramas. The manuscript was left by Ibsen in Rome in 1864, and after various vicissitudes has

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come into the possession of Prof. Carl Larsen of Copenhagen, who will publish it.

In Paris an association has been organized for the purpose of erecting "university houses" for students, not only in that city, but in all the larger educational centres of the republic. The city government favors the innovation and is coöperating with the association in building the first structure of this kind in Paris. The university house is to be a students' home, in which the students of all the faculties can secure lodging and sleeping apartments, find libraries, bathrooms, and the like. A leading purpose is to counteract the evil influences surrounding student life in Paris especially in the Latin quarter.

A country school for town children, a recent outcome of the interest in education in England, has proved so unqualified a success as to invite imitation in this country. A building has been provided by private gifts in the neighborhood of Manchester, where 120 children are housed, fed, and educated for a fortnight on payment of $1.75 each. They are accompanied by their regular teachers, and the instruction follows the ordinary elementary school curriculum. One thousand six hundred children will be received this summer.

The establishment of girls' schools is the latest development of the educational progress in China. An imperial decree, published April 11, says that normal schools are to be founded first in the provincial capitals, afterwards in the prefectural cities, and later in the country cities; the primary schools are to be established everywhere. These are to be Government schools mainly, but the foundation of private schools, subject to official inspection, is also encouraged. Foreign women teachers as well as native may be employed. Apparently in imitation of Japan, the regulations forbid pupils to use silks, satins, cosmetics, and jewelry, and enjoin a simple mode of dress. They exhort the abandonment of the "cruel and injurious" practice of foot-binding, and gymnasiums and exercise grounds are to be provided for the physical culture and health of the pupils. Another new departure in the educational line is the sending of fifteen selected cadets to France to pass through five years' military training at the Government expense.

News has come from Rome of an important discovery made during some excavations on the Palatine hill. These excavations were undertaken with a view to ascertaining the position of the entrance of the former Acropolis on the Palatine and exploring the burial ground of the period of the Kings. On April 21 (the traditional birthday of Rome) the excavators came upon a circular ditch, similar to those discovered in the Forum Romanum. As is well known, the Acropolis of the Palatine was in ancient times reserved for the chiefs of the settlement, and the tombs which immediately surrounded it, as far as the second range of walls, were used exclusively by the patrician families. It is believed that the newly discovered ditch is a tomb dating from these earliest habitations, and served as burial place for one of the founders of the settlement. The spot was visited by Signor Rava, the minister of public instruction, who ordered the continuation of the excavations.

The influence of the preceptorial system, introduced at Princeton about a year and a half ago, on the use of the library by the students, is commented on most favorably by Dr. Richardson in his last library report. Books read during the year under the direct influence of the preceptors numbered 16,457 volumes. It was naturally expected that the number of books used for the voluntary and general reading of the students would show a corresponding falling off, but instead of this the record shows an actual increase in such reading. "It was found, in brief," reports Dr. Richardson, "that being in the library for the use of recommended books, tended to get men into the habit of using the other books more freely." Speaking of the specific efforts made at various times in other universities to get students to read the best books, such as the establishment of "professors of books," lectures on books and reading, training in library usage, courses in bibliography, etc., he pronounces them all of little avail, because of a lack of personal influence on the reader.

Statistics of circulation reported by the University of Michigan library for the past year show that 50 per cent. of the books drawn by students belong to the class of English literature. The most popular authors in this class, in the order of their popularity, are as follows: Shakespeare, Hardy, Stevenson, Dickens, Kipling, George Eliot, Jane Austen, and Thackeray. Of books belonging to other classes, the circulation was divided as follows:

	Per cent.
Philosophy and religion	5 3-5
Sociology and economics	5
Education	2
Science	4
Medicine	4
Fine arts and music	1
German literature	5
Romance languages	8 2-5
Latin and Greek	3
History	12

Longmans, Green & Co., have issued in their Pocket Library, the text of Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology." Would that the number of Americans who could make use of so delightful a book were many times greater.

During his visit to England in 1906, Charles Battell Loomis wrote a series of letters to the New York *Sun*, which have now been brought out in book form, as "A Bath in an English Tub," by A. S. Barnes & Co. Mr. Loomis sees the absurdities of life and relates them with cheerful vivacity.

J. A. Shawyer has prepared for the Clarendon Press, Oxford (Henry Frowde), an edition of Plato's "Menexenus" that should be useful for college students. The work makes no special contribution to scholarship. The text is taken, with due acknowledgment, from Burnet. In a pleasantly written introduction, which has, now and then, the quality of an essay, the author decides for the genuineness of the dialogue, and refutes, somewhat too easily, the idea of Stallbaum and others that Plato did not intend as a wholly serious effort the funeral oration which Socrates learned from Aspasia. The chapter on the growth of oratory and rhetoric might well have been omitted.

Those who have followed recent articles by Prof. Charles A. Briggs on Church Unity and the Roman Catholic Church will not be surprised at his special interest in the decision of the Pontifical Commission adverse to the higher criticism of the Hexateuch. His feeling in regard to the commission's verdict finds expression in his published correspondence with a Catholic layman and Old Testament scholar of liberal views, Baron Friederich von Hügel ("The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch." Longmans, Green & Co). The most significant section of the brochure is Baron von Hügel's endeavor to prove that the church must eventually take the position opposite to that reached by the commission, not only from the weight of critical argument, but also by reason of forces inherent in the church itself. This correspondence is another illustration of the impotency of ecclesiastical authority, whether Protestant or Catholic, to affect the course of critical opinion.

A volume which speaks well for American preaching is "The Invisible Things, and Other Sermons," by J. Sparhawk Jones, minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. (Longmans, Green & Co.). Dr. Jones's sermons are marked by thoughtful dignity and genuine spiritual appeal, and are equally removed from the commonplace and the sensational. He seems to dwell in a region of quiet religious certainty, above current controversies, and, with Martineau, to conceive of preaching as "essentially a lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations."

In the Johns Hopkins dissertation entitled "The Ancestry of Chaucer" (The Lord Baltimore Press), by Alfred Allan Kern, professor of English in Millsaps College, Mississippi, we have a genealogical study of the great poet executed with the utmost thoroughness and care. No new information of importance on the subject was to be expected, but we have here a critical digest of the "Life Records of Chaucer" (published by the Chaucer Society), and all other sources of our knowledge concerning the poet and his ancestors, with corrections of the inaccuracies which are found even in the best authorities, such as Professor Skeat's "Life," so that the present work may fairly claim to be the best book of reference in regard to the family of Chaucer. The author has, of course, availed himself of V. B. Redstone's researches into the history of the Chaucers in their earlier home of Ipswich, where, in the variable nomenclature of those days, the family had at one time been called Malyn. Professor Kern properly lays stress on the wealth of Chaucer's father, as proved by the records, to explain the early connection of the poet with the court. There can be little doubt, moreover, that he is right in adopting the commonest of the various derivations which have been suggested for the name, Chaucer, viz. Old French *chaucier*, in the sense of "shoemaker." The almost invariable connection of the London Chaucers with Cordwanerstrete Ward strongly supports this etymology. It is expected that the information concerning Chaucer's ancestry, which is summed up in this volume, will soon be supplemented by similar information concerning the family of the poet's wife, Philippa Roet, as a result of the researches in

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which Miss K. O. Petersen has latterly been engaged.

The date of the International Historical Congress, to be held at Berlin, has been fixed for the week of August 6 to the 12th. The chancellor of the German Empire will give official notice to all Governments, and ask for the appointment of official representatives. The congress will be divided into eight sections, as follows: History of the Orient, Greece and Rome, Political History of Middle Ages and of Modern Times, Cultural and Intellectual History of the Middle Ages and Modern Times, Legal and Economic History, Church History, History of Arts, Supplementary Branches (Archives and Libraries, Chronology, Diplomacy, Epigraphy, Genealogy, Historical Geography, Heraldics, Numismatics, Palæography). The languages adopted for the congress are: English, French, German, Italian, and Latin. There is to be a general meeting of all sections daily from twelve to two, the remaining hours of the day being kept free for the sessions of the sections. The president of the congress, as well as the several vice-presidents, is to be elected at the first general session. The membership fee will be 20 marks. The committee organized embraces a distinguished group of the members of the faculty of the University of Berlin, with an executive committee consisting of Dr. Reinhold Koser, director of the Prussian archives; Prof. Eduard Meyer, and Dr. Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, together with Dr. Erich Casper as secretary, and Leopold Koppel treasurer.

Under the auspices of the Société préhistorique de France, a third Prehistoric Congress will be held, from August 13 to 18, at Autun, in Burgundy. The two previous Congresses were held at Périguex (1905) and Vannes (1906). Autun is the ancient *Augustodunum* which under Augustus succeeded the Gallic Bibracte as the capital of the Ædui. It is the most important centre in France for the study of primitive camps and fortifications, and this theme will be the first and main topic of the congress. The first three days will be given to the presentation and discussion of papers and to the study of the museums and monuments of Autun, whose early Roman gates (Porte d'Arroux and Porte S. André) and so-called Temple of Janus are exceptionally important. The other three days will be devoted to excursions, particularly to two early Gallic sites of great natural strength and historic interest, Alesia and Bibracte. Alesia (Mont Auxois) is the strong Gallic *oppidum* where the allied Gauls under Vercingetorix made their last stand against Cæsar in this place. It was long since identified by coins of a number of the Gallic tribes, and Capt. Espérandieu has been making further interesting discoveries. As a city Bibracte (Mont Beuvray) was much more important, being the historic capital of the leading tribe of the Ædui, and recognized as the best place for studying the plan and arrangement of a Gallic city, and the industries carried on by the inhabitants. The finds are preserved partly at Autun, partly in the national museum of Saint Germain, near Paris. It is expected that a characteristic specimen of a Gallic house and a section of the ramparts will be uncovered especially for the congress. Dr. Marcel Baudoin (21, Rue Linné, Paris), secretary of the committee of organization, will answer any inquiries and M. Giraux (9bis, Avenue Victor Hugo, Saint-Mandé, Seine), treasurer, will receive all membership subscriptions, which are 12 fr., including the volume of Comptes-rendus.

Albert H. Smyth, professor of English at the Philadelphia Boys' High School, died last Saturday, in his forty-fifth year. Professor Smyth was curator of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the founder and which possesses a large number of Franklin MSS. He was thus in particularly good position to carry through the great ten-volume edition of Franklin's works, the last volume of which was only recently published by the Macmillan Company. Professor Smyth was also the author of several other works.

Robert MacLehose, who died recently in Glasgow, was a publisher and printer in the best sense of the word. He was the eldest son of James MacLehose, and, after leaving the university, went to work for a year with the Macmillans in London. He then returned to Glasgow, and became a partner of his father in the well-known publishing house. He was also, with his younger brother, printer to the University, and was active in the Publishers' Association. His greatest monument as a publisher is the series of Hakluyt's "Voyages" and Purchas's "Pilgrims," one of the most remarkable reissues of recent years.

Prof. John Kells Ingram, the political economist and follower of August Comte, and author of the ballad "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" or "The Memory of the Dead," died in Dublin on May 1. The work by which he is best known and most likely to be remembered is the above-mentioned ballad, which is fervidly written in the Irish revolutionary spirit. Professor Ingram himself is said to have bitterly regretted writing the poem, and it is not named in the authorized sketches of his life; but the work itself could not be suppressed, and it is to be found in most collections of Irish verse. Professor Ingram, who some years ago held the offices of senior fellow and vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1823. He was educated at Newry School and Trinity College. He was appointed a junior fellow of Trinity in 1846, professor of oratory and English literature in 1852, regius professor of Greek in 1866, and librarian in 1879. He was a member of the Committee for Publication of Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland, a trustee of the National Library in Ireland, and he had been president of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Statistical Society of Ireland. He was also an honorary member of the American Economic Association. Professor Ingram wrote many books, the most popular, perhaps, being "A History of Political Economy," which was translated into nine European languages and Japanese. Among his other books are: "A History of Slavery and Serfdom," 1895; "On the Present Position and Prospects of Political Economy"; "Work and the Workman"; "Outlines of the History of Religion," in which he declared himself a Positivist; "Sonnets and Other Poems," 1900; "Passages from the Letters of Auguste Comte," 1901; "Human Nature and Morals According to Comte," 1901; "Practical Morals," 1904; "The Final Transition," 1905.

WILLIAM STRODE.

The Poetical Works of William Strode (1600-1645). Now first collected from manuscript and printed sources; to which is added "The Floating Island, a Tragi-Comedy," now first reprinted from the original edition of 1655. Edited by Bertram Dobell, with a Memoir of the Author. Published by the Editor.

Mr. Dobell points with becoming pride to his earlier editing of Thomas Traherne's works and to his discovery of James Thomson during that unhappy poet's life. To crown, but not, we hope, to end his labors, he now in one of his beautifully made books gives us the poems of a contemporary of Traherne. The case of the two seventeenth-century writers is, however, not the same. Traherne, until Mr. Dobell discovered his manuscripts, had no name as a poet, so that he stands higher to-day perhaps than in his own lifetime; whereas William Strode was already in his day a considerable personage. The Strodes were an old Devonshire family, and in the early seventeenth century there were five or six Williams, several of whom were men of mark. Our William, the poet, was born in 1600 or 1601, probably at or near Plympton, in Devon. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, rising to the position of public orator of the university. Most of his life was spent in scholastic circles, where he acquired a reputation for learning and wit. His skill in Latin verse was famous, and his contributions may be found in most of the collections of poems turned out by the university in celebration of important events. He died in 1645.

In religion Strode was a High Churchman, in politics a royalist, a follower in all things of what was orderly and established. If one may judge from his poetical effusions, he was a noble specimen of the old college don, happy in the gentle and respected exercise of all his talents. His play, to be sure—the only one preserved—seems to have fallen somewhat flat. "The Floating Island" was written to order for the celebration of the visit of Charles I. and his queen to Oxford in 1636. Whether the allegory of the piece was too bald, or the moral too severe, does not appear; but the play did not please the court, and was not printed until 1655. To the reader to-day it seems to be an agreeable exercise of its class. The language and versification are dignified, if not brilliant, and the characters, unabashed abstractions of the virtues and vices though they be, have a certain vitality.

But the best of Strode's work is undoubtedly in his lyrics and elegies, as his present editor asserts. Mr. Dobell has gathered these from printed and manuscript anthologies of the day. It has been with him a labor of love; and if his zeal has led him to include one or two poems of doubtful authenticity, or if he has a little exaggerated the value of the poet who may be called his property—who shall be heartless enough

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to scold? If we must speak our opinion, it would be that with the exception of one or two poems Strode does not rise above the mediocre, that his work shows the unmistakable signs of the amateur, as indeed may be said of no small part of the Carolinian literature. The fervor of the Elizabethan song had died away; the eloquence of conscious art had not yet been attained, and even the poets celebrated for a few exquisite lyrics stumble and grope uncertainly in most of their work. At his best Strode is of the school of Donne, as in the elegy "On the Death of Mistress Mary Prideaux":

Sleepe pretty one: oh sleepe while I
Sing thee thy latest Lullaby:
And may my song be but as shee,
Nere was sweeter Harmonie:
Thou wert all musicke: all thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes
To prayse thy Maker. In thy browe
I read thy soule, and know not how
To tell which whiter was or smoother,
Or more spotlesse, one or th' other.
Noe jarre, no harshnesse in thee, all
Thy passions were at peace: noe gall,
No rough behaviour; but even such
In disposition as in touch.
Yet Heaven, poore Soule, was harsh to thee:
Death usde thee not halfe orderly:
If thou must needs goe, must thy way
Needs be by torture? must thy Day
Ende in the Morning? and thy Night
Come with such horrour and affright?
Death might have ceizd thee gentlyer, and
Embrac'te thee with a softer hand.
Thou werte not sure so loath to goe
That thou needst be dragged so,
For thou wert all obedience, and hadst witt
To doe Heaven's will and not dispute with it.

There can be no mistake in regard to the origin of this style; Donne in his elegy to Elizabeth Drury taught the new generation of poets—and Strode with the rest of them—their lesson, but he could not transmit to them his strange flashes of almost unearthly beauty. The difference may be seen by comparing Strode's lines,

All thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes, etc.,

with their counterpart in Donne:

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

This is not an arbitrary comparison, but might be paralleled by a hundred passages which would show what we mean by calling Strode an amateur.

Perhaps the point is brought out most clearly by those poems, hitherto ascribed to more famous names, which Mr. Dobell now claims for his protégé. One of these is the well-known lines on "Melancholy" which have always been associated with Fletcher. It must be confessed that direct evidence, as with many another favorite Elizabethan lyric, is conspicuously weak. The verses occur in the play of "The Nice Valor," which is only partly Fletcher's, and furthermore it was a pretty common practice to insert lyrics from various sources. Now there is no manuscript authority for ascribing the poem to Fletcher, whereas Mr. Dobell asserts that to his knowledge it is in three early manuscripts given to Strode. There is, too, a positive statement of Malone's, on what grounds does not appear, that Strode and not Fletcher was the author. So far the evidence lies rather strongly for Strode. Mr. Dobell prints the poem together with an "Opposite to Melancholy" which answers the "Melancholy" in the well-known Elizabethan and Carolinian manner. Now the suggestion immediately arises that, the "Opposite" being undoubtedly Strode's, the manuscript anthologies ascribed its companion piece, "Melancholy," to the same author by natural inference rather than through knowledge. And a glance at the two poems themselves renders this explanation almost proved. Strode's lines we may give in full:

OPPOSITE TO MELANCHOLY.

Returne my joyes, and hither bring
A tongue not made to speake but sing,
A jolly spleene, an inward feast,
A causelesse laugh without a jest,
A face which gladnesse doth anoynt,
An arm that springs out of his joynt,
A sprightfull gate that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint,
A heart that's lighter than the ayre,
An eye still dancing in his spheare,
Strong mirth which nothing can controule,
A body nimbler than the soule,
Free wandring thoughts not tyde to muse
Which thinke on all things, nothing choose,
Which ere we see them come are gone;
These life itselfe doth feede upon.

Now, these lines certainly show wit and fluency, but compare them with a verse or two of the original "Melancholy":

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves, etc.

Here is a something, a transmutation of fancy, which Strode's "Opposite" does not possess, and which incline us to believe that he could not have written the "Melancholy."

Another case of the same kind is the attribution to Strode of the lines "On the Life of Man," commonly attributed to Raleigh:

What is our life? a play of passion;
Our mirth the musick of division:
Our mother's wombes the tyring houses bee
Where wee are drest for tyme's short comedy:
The earth's the stage, heaven the spectator is.
Who marketh still whoere doth act amisse:
Our graves that hide us from the burning sunne
Are but drawne curtaynes when the play is done.

Here, again, there is a certain magic of the imagination which, in our opinion, sets the poem off from even the best of Strode's work.

But all this is not to deny to Mr. Dobell the warmest gratitude for recovering a poet so long forgotten, nor would it refuse to Strode's works qualities of genuine interest historically and intrinsically. To many readers there is a peculiar attraction in a book of this kind, which reflects with talent and distinction, though it may be without great genius, the quiet and refined life of a scholarly gentleman of a past age. And this young orator of Oxford (he was only forty-five when he died, although one naturally thinks of the man as aged, by the antiquity of his century) struck at times a pretty, lyrical vein, as witness this "Song":

When Orpheus sweetly did complayne
Upon his lute with heavy strayne
How his Euridice was slayne,
The trees to heare
Obtayn'd an eare,
And after left it off againe.

At every stroake and every stay
The boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And listened bending all one way:
The aspen tree
As well as hee
Began to shake and learn'd to play.

If wood could speake, a tree might heare,
If wood could sound true greife so neare
A tree might dropp an amber teare:
If wood so well
Could ring a knell
The Cipres might condole the beare.

The standing nobles of the grove
Hearing dead wood so speak and move
The fatall axe beganne to love:
They envyde death
That gave such breath
As men alive doe saints above.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Eye of the Needle. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Like his previous book upon Altruria, Mr. Howells's present story establishes beyond question his sincerity in framing this model community, as an outcome of the appeal of our unsatisfactory conditions to his own soul. Clear proof of this lies in the resemblance between Altruria, Mr. Wells's comet-struck world, the country Mr. Beliamy saw in "Looking Backward," Utopia, and the Republic of Plato. Each one of these is far too like the other to be a plagiarism, and Mr. Howells's island differs from the rest only by a few unimportant details. In Utopia "they bringe up verye fewe horses." The horse likewise enjoys small favor in Altruria. In Utopian cities "whoso knoweth one of them knoweth them all." In Altruria "the villages are a good deal alike to a stranger." All these philosophers believe in discarding money, in putting every one to light, pleasant labor, in benevolent sumptuary laws, in equalizing ability, talent, and disposition.

Glaucon objected to Socrates: "If you had been establishing a city of pigs, is this not just what you would have fed them on?" Mr. Howells's people thrive on a diet of vegetables, fruit, and mushrooms, without even a sip of Plato's wine, much less a taste of Sir Thomas More's carefully slaughtered beeves. Modern hygiene (sanitary cheek-kisses only, in Altruria!) of course prevails, and malefactors are comfortably bagged in a harmless electric net. No one has any worries, no one is in a hurry; in fact, the whole picture again enforces the trite observation that it is simpler to destroy than to create, that even for Swift himself it was easier to sting with satire than to move our feelings with a bland picture of perfection (witness the superiority of Laputa to the average model island).

The story itself, considered purely as fiction, is inevitably subordinate to questions of ethics and economics. Revisiting New York after a lapse of years, Mr. Homos of Altruria notes in letters home the various changes which meet his eye, or which he learns through that method of intelligent inquiry dear alike to Socrates and to Rollo. His description of the Makelys is as appalling as it is unanswerable—the ultra docile American husband, thoroughly apartment broke, and his aridly selfish wife eternally chattering and gadding, yet too lazy to concern herself with any detail of domesticity. This lady strikes the note of her entire character when she delivers her ultimatum: "And I told Mr. Makely that I would rather live in a house all my days than in any flat where my dog wasn't as welcome as I." Apart from this couple, who are even painfully lifelike, the other personages are decidedly shadowy. There is a positively phantom courtship between

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Mr. Homos and Eveleth Strange, in which the only obstacle turns out to be the lady's inherited trait of associating the idea of interest with capital. This obstacle naturally vanishes in due time, and when a large sea-going yacht is stranded upon the Altrurian shore, the arrogant attitude of its owners proves as trying to the new Mrs. Homos as to the oldest inhabitant. The account of these plutocrats endeavoring to maintain the forms of an obsolete social order verges perilously upon comic opera, and the way in which their butler carries off the honors obstinately suggests Mr. Gillette's late success in "The Admirable Crichton."

All this, however, is of small consequence, the point of interest being that with Mr. Howells's deep love of humanity as he finds it, the apostle of realism in American fiction should care to spend (almost waste) his precious gifts upon such a toy of the imagination as the island of Altruria. The mere fact that he should do so is of far greater significance than the achievement itself; although in explaining New York, Mr. Homos affords opportunity for Mr. Howells to make sound and valuable comments on the passing hour. His version of the evolution of the apartment house, the expected rehabilitation of the baby (whose passing he noted in 1894), of the approaching solution of the servant question, and of the public disposition towards the overrich in New York to-day, shows a fine spirit of optimism. And if these changes have as yet only been signalled in the innermost circles, it is certainly consoling for people far afield to learn that the difference between New York and Altruria promises shortly to become merely one of degree.

The Golden Hawk. By Edith Rickert. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

In her latest book Miss Rickert tries her wings in yet another direction. "The Reaper" was a grim, apparently faithful study of peasant life on a hard wind-blown coast, the Shetland Islands; a powerful story with more frost than sunshine, more trouble than happiness. In "Folly" she gave a more or less interesting picture of an exceedingly ill-regulated young woman (of the fashionable world) of that kind with whom it is a toss up whether the outlet for her nerves will be neurasthenia or lovers. In "The Golden Hawk" Miss Rickert goes back to the country, but to a sun-baked Provençal village full of good things to eat, of impulses and mirage. The rather painful strength of her Shetland story is here toned down to an agreeable robustness, and she escapes the danger of letting her picaresque hero seem hackneyed and mediocre, by tracing his mental processes from within out, here and there giving a genuine touch of character study, instead of relying entirely upon description of his fantastic dress and twinkling hawk-like eyes. She leaves you as undecided as his fellow townsmen whether Trillon were more mad than sane, more shrewd than foolish; but what she fully understands is the way in which the impulses of such light-hearted beings ebb and flow, their uncertain gusts of enthusiasm and satiety, and the dangerous moments when a rift of doubt threatens to crumble the entire edifice of their immense self esteem. If not quite so delicate a creation as Mr. Locke's incomparable Paragot, Trillon at least belongs to the same care-free brotherhood of grown-up children, with the knack of making mirage come true, with the same desire to *épater le bourgeois*.

The history of his courtship is worked out with sufficient ingenuity and invention to keep up a pleasant suspense as to the end, while never depriving you of the assurance that it will end well, or quite as well as is plausible when a will-o-the-wisp undertakes the responsibilities of citizenship. True, in Trillon's case, Miss Rickert wisely settles him down as citizen of the world at large, and thus avoids leaving behind an uncomfortable sense that her Golden Hawk has been caged.

The Long Trail. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a boys' book. If it be scarcely so dangerously fascinating as to lure home-keeping lads into the Klondike by a difficult and untravelled road, parents and guardians will hardly quarrel with it on that account. Also they will fully approve its tone of manliness, decency, and respect for law. Jack is polite to strangers, considerate to Indians, and merciful to animals, and the straightforward narrative of his venture is by no means uninteresting.

It is never possible exactly to foresee what will hold the attention of children just a shade too old to "play Indians," yet by no means too old to indulge in day dreams about themselves as heroes of adventure. It is perfectly safe, however, to say that if "The Long Trail" does prove to contain the quality which tickles youthful palates, it may be given to the young without a shade of misgiving as to their finding it entirely wholesome provender.

Documentary History of Reconstruction: Political, Military, Social, Religious, Educational and Industrial, 1865 to the Present Time. By Walter L. Fleming. 2 vols. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $10.

It is quite possible that Professor Fleming, young as he is, knows more of the specific facts of Reconstruction than any other scholar in the country. If he has kept in his mind the half of the great mass of miscellaneous information which he printed in his prodigious monograph on Reconstruction in Alabama, he certainly knows more than any one else does about the process in any particular State.

Apart from this advantage, the outcome of patient industry, he has also what students of the period generally concede to be the decided advantage of being a Southerner. As he remarks in the general preface to this, his second voluminous contribution to the history of Reconstruction: "All who have done work in Southern history know of the exasperating difficulties in the way of the use of documents which are in the hands of private individuals." But a Southerner, in sympathy with the historical attitudes of his own people, has a far better chance to overcome those difficulties than a Northerner; and there are signs enough in the Alabama monograph that residence in the North, and the training of a Northern university, have not weakened Professor Fleming's sympathy with the Southern attitude towards "carpet baggers," "scalawags," and "renegades." That, however, is an attitude far more common in the North than it used to be. One could find it in one's heart to forgive Professor Fleming his apparently strong Southern bias, so colorlessly impartial is much history work nowadays; impartial, that is, in the sense of being woodenly neither-sided, rather than sympathetically, imaginatively both-sided. One could forgive him, we say, if he only exhibited a compensating freedom from the commoner limitations of the laborious school to which he belongs; if, for instance he presented agreeably the results of his industry. But neither the Alabama monograph nor his own contribution of introductions and explanations in the work before us indicates that he has such a gift. Like so many others, he succeeds better as a delver for historical material than as a writer of history. Not unlikely, his true vocation is to such work as went to the making of these volumes.

The making of them began with the collecting, and the printing in leaflet form, of various documents about Reconstruction which were not otherwise readily accessible. These were apparently intended chiefly for class-room use; and we think the volumes in their final form bear the marks of a class-room origin. They are not a collection of whole documents, like Edward McPherson's misnamed "History of Reconstruction." We have, rather, a series of extracts from documents, few of which are given in full. The collection will not, therefore, take the place of McPherson's, which students of Reconstruction find quite indispensable, and which has become extremely rare. But the exracts in Volume i., aided by the author's brief introductory statements, illustrate fairly well all the steps in both Presidential and Congressional Reconstruction, while Volume ii. deals carefully with the results of the Congressional plan.

Professor Fleming's citations are particularly full in regard to the social conditions and the state of public opinion in the South after the war. He has brought them together from many sources, neglecting none known to the mass of scholars. They would make, one sees at once, an admirable course of "required reading," to be taken with a course of lectures following the same elaborate topical-chronological arrangement. As material for independent study and research, however, they would prove less satisfying. For that use, McPherson's *omnium gatherum* plan is probably better. It is decidedly unsatisfying, for instance, to find less than the whole of such documents as the reports of Carl Schurz and B. C. Truman on conditions at the South in the autumn of 1865. Not even the Reconstruction part of Lincoln's last public speech is given entire. More annoying still, and we think still less defensible, is the practice of deleting parts of sentences. To condone it, one must have the utmost confidence in the editorial discretion as well as the editorial honesty.

The matter which is found in Professor Fleming's work, and not in McPherson's gives a fair idea of the increase of material concerning Reconstruction since the

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end of the Reconstruction period. Naturally, few of the more recent additions are in the form of public documents. Some are taken from printed books, but Professor Fleming has drawn more largely from manuscript sources. The most important single source of fresh material is the manuscript correspondence of Andrew Johnson, now in the Library of Congress. In that collection are the originals of a particularly interesting group of papers—letters from various leaders of the fallen Confederacy, describing the situation created by the failure of their enterprise. There also are letters from anti-slavery men like Chase and Gerrit Smith, giving their view of the President's proper policy. But Professor Fleming has also thought that thoroughness demanded a freer use of certain classes of official documents than most editors would make. He is careful to exhibit in that way the actual working of military government in the South, and the agencies by which three successive sets of State governments were put in operation. He also prints more of the laws commonly called the "Black Codes" than we remember to have seen together anywhere else.

In volume ii., however, the official document occupies but little space; the material used to illustrate the carpet-bag régime is, as a rule, of a more readable character. It is in this part of Professor Fleming's work that his familiarity with the facts and with the scattered and various literature of the period serves him best. He has searched patiently through books of reminiscence, newspapers, and private diaries and letters for citations which, read in their order, bring before the mind a fairly clear and fairly complete picture of the oppressed South during those gloomy years. An editorial animus is, we think, perceptible. For instance, we think too much is made of the Southern sentiment favorable to schools for the blacks. A Northern editor would probably have given more instances of Southern Bourbonism, and taken more pains to let it be seen that not all carpet-baggers were scoundrels. But there is no good reason to doubt the truth of the general inference one draws from what one reads. It accords too well with the verdict of J. F. Rhodes, the latest, most thorough, and most judicial historian of the period.

Fortunately, the final overthrow of the carpet-baggers was so complete, the undoing of Reconstruction has been so thorough, and the South's recovery from its cruel consequences has been so rapid, that it is pardonable to accept what relief one finds in the humorous aspects of the picture. To these Professor Fleming has not been blind, and he could not, if he would, have obscured them entirely. He could hardly, for instance, have left out the diverting documents which set forth the "legislative expenses" of South Carolina under her unequalled carpet-bag and negro Legislature. Were there ever, before or since, in the history of representative government, such items as these: "4 dressing combs," "1 stereoscope," "1 pair corsets," alongside an intolerable deal of sack—set down among the necessary expenses of law-making? Hardly less ludicrous is the light which some of the witnesses before Congressional committees threw upon the actual working out of the theories which Charles Sumner so imperiously refused to adapt to the actual conditions of a great and perplexing human problem.

Studies in Humanism. By F. C. S. Schiller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

In these studies Mr. Schiller expounds and defends from several points of view the pragmatism, or humanism, of which he is the foremost British representative. He has been so bitterly criticised by the Anglo-Hegelians, particularly by Mr. Bradley, that it is not strange that he should show petulance and acerbity in his replies. Pragmatism has made rapid progress since the publication of Charles S. Peirce's earlier essays, and it has been made popular by the writings of Prof. William James as well as by Mr. Schiller's former treatise on "Humanism." The theory has spread in France and Italy as well as in the United States and Great Britain, although in Germany its success has not been remarkable. It has checked the advance of those doctrines of the absolute which had found special favor at Oxford, and it has been welcomed by certain empirical philosophers who had been stumbling about in the uncertainties of skepticism. We doubt, however, whether these "Studies" will produce much impression upon those whom Mr. Schiller's earlier treatise failed to convince.

Among the essays which make up this large volume several are unworthy of so permanent a place. This is especially true of the fourth, entitled "Truth and Mr. Bradley," which presents little that is either interesting or valuable; and which can be read intelligently only by those who are already familiar with the disputes of these rival Oxford philosophers. Essays XIV. and XV. are rather sorry imitations of Platonic dialogues, and the book would be better had they been omitted, for the author's wit and dramatic talent are not such as to do justice to this form of philosophical exposition. Objection might also be made to the playful style and ill-timed quips which characterize some of the chapters. So much has been said of the dryness and dreariness of works on philosophy that certain writers are tempted to go to the opposite extreme. In this case such expressions are the less necessary inasmuch as Mr. Schiller's polemic against the Oxford Hegelians and their sympathizers is very effective, particularly in those passages which show the futility of the absolute as a theoretical and as a practical principle.

The first essay, on "The Definition of Pragmatism and Humanism," is a restatement and defence of the principle underlying what its advocates proudly call "the new philosophy." The author challenges "the intellectualists" to define truth; and then defines it himself, showing how it is to be tested. In answer to Mr. Schiller's challenge, it might be said that all definitions of truth as anything objective are invalid, and indeed absurd; for truth is altogether relative to a mind which assents. Nor is the intellectualist to be blamed for his failure to give a definition, any more than is the author for using without definition such terms as "assent," "belief," "assumption," "volitional activity." When he calls belief "an attitude of the will," and opposes voluntarism to intellectualism, the terms employed have in them so much of the old "faculty psychology" that one hesitates in describing pragmatism as "the new philosophy." And it would appear that a clear definition and analysis of what is meant by "will" was absolutely essential to a valid presentation of humanism.

The fundamental point of difference between the pragmatists and their opponents is that which concerns the test of truth; yet the more careful and painstaking Mr. Schiller is in explaining the pragmatic doctrine, the more elusive and unsatisfactory must this doctrine appear to his critics. The pragmatist says virtually: If a proposition has value, if it will work, it is to be accepted as true. If later on it it be found to be valueless, it may be abandoned; but *pro tempore*, if valuable, it is true. The answer made to this is that pragmatism thus destroys the distinction between truth and value. For if the true be merely the valuable, to say that the test of truth is its value is to make the tautologous assertion either that the true is the true or that the valuable is the valuable. You reduce your universe to a universe of values or utilities, or at the most you have an indeterminate universe, affirmations concerning which may or may not turn out to have value. If asked whether it be indeed true that value is the test of truth, the pragmatist must reply that "value is the test of truth," but that this latter statement is true because it has value. According to such principles, argument by word, whether written or spoken, seems to the anti-pragmatist to be idle. Assent to any proposition must be withheld until it has been tested by action; and action takes the place of logical procedure. If this conclusion be rejected, the anti-pragmatist must still inquire how "value" is to be determined. If "intellectualism" has to be banished while we are testing truth, it must be reintroduced while we are determining value. This is clearly illustrated in Mr. Schiller's discussions, particularly in Essays XI. and XII. The arguments in defence of his position imply a purely intellectual assent. They have indeed a logical value, by which is meant that they are intellectually true, or are rationally deduced from what produces assent. That is not to say that they have a pragmatic value.

Mr. Schiller's discussion of "Freedom" in Essay XVIII. should have been one of the most interesting in the book. In settling the question at issue between determinism and its opposite, the pragmatic method might be supposed to have a peculiar value. For, indeed, the popular way of settling it has always been pragmatic. The common saying is: "Whether the will be free or not, we have to act as if freedom were a fact." Mr. Schiller has, however, impaired the clearness of his exposition as well as the force of his argument, by certain misconceptions or misstatements, only a few of which we can here point out. 1. He confuses the necessary sequence of causes and effects with the uniformity of nature; 2. He apparently fails to perceive that commands or persuasions may be elements in determining volitions; 3. He assumes that determinists act as if their wills were undetermined, which as a matter of fact is not the case; and. 4. He assumes that we have an imme-

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diate consciousness of freedom—an assumption which will not bear close investigation.

These "Studies" will be interesting to readers of every variety or philosophical opinion; and even those who do not agree with the author will always find him suggestive.

The Desert and the Sown. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Pp. xvi., 347. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907. $5 net.

To all who feel the call of the East this book is full of fascination, from the Omar Khayyám title to the parting of Mikhāil and the lady on the last page. While the object of the book is not archæology, Miss Bell is yet a keen and well-trained observer, and one who has read most that is worth reading on Syrian antiquities and art, and her incidental notices of places visited are often valuable to the archæologist. Her map of Syria and many of her illustrations also are of much interest archæologically—little fragments of architectural decoration, curious doorways and façades, quaint capitals from almost unheard-of sites and the like. Other illustrations reveal the costumes and physiognomy of the people, their homes, and customs. The frontispiece is a colored plate of John Sargent's "Bedouins of the Syrian Desert."

The object of the book, or, as the author puts it, the specious and plausible excuse for its existence, is that she "desired to write not so much a book of travel as an account of the people whom I met or who accompanied me on my way, and to show what the world is like in which they live, and how it appears to them." And in this she has eminently succeeded. Familiar, from childhood with the language of the people, their customs, and habits, Miss Bell possesses also that keen sympathy with their point of view, that interest in themselves and their doings, without which it is impossible for any one, however familiar with the language or the country, to enter into the very life of the people. To her they laid bare their hearts; and those who have struck her trail report that the Druzes and the Bedouin especially love her and trust her in a way that is most singular. She is a rare combination of the thoroughly feminine woman and the fearless, daring, and resourceful English traveller. How she was able to go where she did, one woman entirely alone among men, is her own secret; but she certainly contrived to do it without losing her feminine charm or her feminine point of view.

As an English woman of family and position, she was intensely interested in the political relations of England in the East and in the attitude of the Turkish Government and the Syrian peoples toward England. Travelling while the Japanese were winning their victories over Russia, she found, somewhat to her surprise, that the news of the war and of those victories had penetrated even to the most remote and unexpected regions of the Hauran and the Arabic desert. To them the victory of Japan meant a victory of Asia over Europe and awakened in each and all a new sense of national and racial pride. The Druzes even believed that the Japanese belong to their race, basing that belief on an alleged secret doctrine "that some day an army of Druzes will burst out of the furthest limits of Asia and conquer the world." On the whole, however, this awakening of the Asiatic and anti-European spirit did not redound altogether to the disadvantage of the English. The bulk of the Christians in Turkey have always turned to Russia for help, and so now in the Christian churches masses were said, prayers offered, and penance done for the Russians. England's sympathies, on the other hand, have always been counted as against the Christians in the East. Moreover, England is Japan's friend and ally, therefore the victory of Asia over Russia was to that extent beneficial to the prestige of England.

The conversations with all sorts of people which Miss Bell, as it were, phonographs, are delightful, and some of them are as apt for the West as for the East:

"Look you, your Excellencies," said a man who was making coffee over the brazier, "there is no religion in the towns as there is in country places."

"Yes," pursued Milhem.

"May God make it Yes upon you!" ejaculated the Kurd.

"May God requite you, oh Agha! You may find men in the Great Mosque at Damascus at the Friday prayers and a few perhaps at Jerusalem, but in Beyrout and in Smyrna the mosques are empty and the churches are empty. There is no religion any more."

"My friends," said the Agha, "I will tell you the reason. In the country men are poor and they want much. Of whom should they ask it but of God? There is none other that is compassionate to the poor save He alone. But in the towns they are rich, they have got all they desire, and why should they pray to God if they want nothing? The lady laughs—is it not so among her own people?"

I confessed that there was very little difference in this matter between Europe and Asia, and presently left the party to pursue their coffee drinking and their conversation without me. (P. 99.)

Here is a delightful bit of philosophy regarding the effect of wealth when unrestrained by law. After dining with a certain wealthy Agha, whose own language and conduct, confirming the reputation given him by others, showed him to be capable of any outrage and extortion upon his poorer neighbors, Miss Bell said to her servant: "Oh, Mikhāil! I have travelled much in your country, and I have seen and known many people, and seldom have I met a poor man whom I would not choose for a friend nor a rich man whom I would not shun. Now how is this? Does wealth change the very heart in Syria? For, look you, in my country not all the powerful are virtuous, but neither are they all rogues." To which he responds: "Oh, lady, the heart is the same, but in your country the Government is just and strong and every one of the English must obey it, even the rich; whereas with us there is no justice, but the big man eats the little, and the little man eats the less, and the Government eats all alike. And we all suffer after our kind and cry out to God to help us since we cannot help ourselves" (p. 318).

It is not easy to criticise a book like this, so full of delightful passages and descriptions which lose their charm unless told in the words of the writer. One's inclination is to do nothing but hang together a string of quotations. Far better is it to say: Go and read the book for yourself. I cannot quote it all and unless all is quoted you have lost the better part.

The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands: A Political and Economic History and a Study in Practical Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

"The history of the Netherlands is a history of missed opportunities and of opportunities deliberately thrown away."

To prove this thesis and to make it a warning to Great Britain, Mr. Barker sketches the experiences of the ancient countships as they were aggregated under one sovereign, as they passed under Spanish rule, and out again into a confederation. Then he proceeds to discuss the policy pursued in the administration of the seven provinces known as "The United Netherlands" during the period of their greatest prosperity in the seventeenth century. The writer is, first and last, a special pleader. His aim is to point a moral and to prove that a decline of British prestige is inevitable unless the fatal errors committed by her neighbor, the Dutch commonwealth, be avoided. For that neighbor, he maintains, deliberately sacrificed a world-wide dominion by yielding to petty provincial considerations fostered by commercial politicians. The tale is adorned by a bewildering array of quotations. Fragments from Thucydides, Machiavelli, Ecclesiastes, Schiller, Sadi, and a host besides, ancient and modern, are brandished like torches to illumine the argument, while Netherland authorities without end are cited to show the bases whereon the premises rest.

Now the general conclusion that provincial self-interest overbalances the claims of a larger policy in the Dutch confederation is true, but the historic facts as Mr. Barker uses them for his deductions are sometimes incorrectly conceived, or at least badly stated. For example: In a comparison between Magna Charta and the Great Privilege wrested from Mary of Burgundy in 1477 occurs this sentence: "The Dutch charter *strips* the sovereign of the power of the purse, of the law, and of the sword." There was, indeed, a change in regard to the law as some centralizing measures had been taken before 1477. But there was no change in the purse. The sovereign could not be "stripped" of what he had never possessed for a moment. No Count of Holland had been able to assess his subjects for a cent. Charles the Bold, whose death in 1477 was followed by this Charter, had indeed asked for larger *aids* from the towns than any of his predecessors had ever dared demand, but it was a request only, and granted in part with severe criticism from the sovereign purse-holders.

In another instance the writer's bias seriously affects the presentation he gives of the facts. The contest between William II. and the burghers, in 1650, is described under color of the conviction that the former was a "gifted and high spirited youth, a born ruler of men," who would have maintained the nation's proud position in Europe, while the burghers were "intriguing politicians of the Little Holland party." Now, just before this young stadtholder's death he was engaged in an attempt to control the municipal elections of Amsterdam, and to put in officials of his own se-

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lection. That the "self-assertive burgher politicians" were justified in resisting such infringement of their civic rights may, at least, be considered an open question. The crisis might be charged to William's failure to see that respect for local government lay at the bottom of the central authority he hoped to wield. His action gives reason for doubting his ability. But the "strong man" is Mr. Barker's solution for all difficulties. His distrust of party rule, which he counts an injurious self-seeking rule, goes so far that the central power in the hands of a vigorous personality seems to him the only government making for the welfare of a nation.

Possibly there may be some useful suggestions to British statesmen in this fervent plea for a unified nation in lieu of the loosely hung together British empire. A political pamphlet may be forgiven for faults that mar a book as a piece of literature. From an artistic as well as from an historic point of view there are very grave defects in Mr. Barker's volume. Petty inconsistencies in reasoning, repetitions of statement, and above all the over-abundance of citation, all combine to make it tiresome reading.

Science.

The Warblers of North America. By Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

We have had many books on the birds of the United States and even on restricted portions of the country, but this is the first untechnical monograph on any single group of American birds. The wood warblers, or *mniotiltidæ*, comprise a typically New World group, extending from Alaska to Argentina and numbering some 155 species. Of these, fifty-five are found north of Mexico; and it is of these, with their nineteen additional subspecies, that this volume treats. Direct comparison may be made with Bendire's unfinished "Life Histories"; and like that work, this of Mr. Chapman's is avowedly a compilation. As the value of Bendire has not been lessened in the fifteen years since publication, so the warbler volume bids fair to remain an authority for a long time.

No keys to species are given, for the excellent reason that every species in male, female, and often in young plumage, is represented in color plates by Fuertes and Horsfall, 124 figures in all, excellent both as to drawing and color. These plates and the migration tables have already appeared in *Bird Lore* during the last three years. A plan of the work and a list of the thirty-six principal contributors precedes a chapter on the generalities of the subject. Here we find sub-headings on the plumage, distribution, songs, nesting habits, and mortality by Chapman; migration by W. W. Cooke, and food by E. H. Forbush. Among the contributions to the main part of the book, Gerald Thayer's notes on songs and habits are especially valuable. In the discussion of plumage, the mention of the indications of common ancestry betrayed by the nestling types of coloration is of considerable importance, as are also the suggestions as to the probable origin of each genus.

Following this comes the special treatment of the warbler family, each species and subspecies being taken up in turn. The method of presentation is as follows: the genus *mniotilda*, for example, is defined as to its generic characteristics, while its single species *varia*—the black and white warbler—is figured on the opposite page. Of this species we are then given the distinguishing characteristics and the plumage of young and adult in spring and fall, the general distribution, summer and winter range, and the spring and fall migrations. Two pages follow on the bird and its haunts and song; and finally short paragraphs on the nesting site, nest, eggs, and nesting date. A list of bibliographical references rounds out the treatment in a way which leaves nothing to be desired.

The nomenclature followed is that of Ridgway's "Birds of North and Middle America"—the most logical and all-sufficient which has yet been evolved. This gives a trinomial name to each form which is split up into subspecies. It has been proved that the original Maryland yellow-throat did not come from Maryland; so this long-cherished name appears only as an atavism in the colored plate, and as a cross-reference in the index. We must now speak of our familiar bird as the northern yellow-throat, or use its scientific equivalent in a score and a half of letters.

Mr. Chapman's thorough knowledge of the group, together with the free use of the results of co-workers, has given us in a form easy to consult, practically all that we know about the northern species of *mniotiltidæ*. To the technical ornithologist, as well as to the amateur with only the myrtle and yellow warblers on his "list," this volume will be of constant use.

The average chemist knows comparatively little about the technique of the nitro-compounds which have revolutionized modern warfare, but this is not altogether his fault. Each government jealously guards the secret of the composition and manufacture of its own smokeless powders, and boasts of its knowledge of all the others. No handbook on this subject, therefore, can be as complete and satisfactory as in other industries, but P. Gerald Sanford's "Nitro-Explosives" (D. Van Nostrand Co.) comes as near to this as can properly be expected. For ten years it has been a standard authority, and now is revised and brought up to date. It describes the processes of manufacture of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, picrates, and fulminates, and gives the methods of analyzing them and testing their strength.

The death is announced, in his sixty-fifth year, of Hugo Magnus, professor of diseases of the eye at the University of Breslau. Professor Magnus had written a number of books in his *Fach*, and also on more general topics, such as "Aberglaube in der Medizin," "Geschichte der Medizin," etc.

Drama.

THE PARIS THEATRICAL SEASON.

PARIS, April 23.

The successes of the Paris theatrical season have emphasized certain innate tendencies of French letters and Parisian life.

The first is the universal delight in spoken verse, provided the lines are sprightly and understood without the slightest effort. The unexampled success of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" was due largely to the setting of whimsical, sympathetic emotions in such verse. Catulle Mendès's "Sainte-Thérèse" at the beginning of the season had wonderful versification, but the thought was too fantastic and subtle for more than a moderate success. But the "Bouffons" of Miguel Zamacoïs, which follows in the same theatre (Sarah Bernhardt's), has passed its 100th representation, and may continue endlessly like "Cyrano" and, at the Opéra, Gounod's "Faust." The fate of the piece, without verse and without Sarah, is to be tested in America; and the story and brisk dialogue will speak for themselves. But there can be no doubt that the superb versifying doubles the effect in French. People who do not like to take their art pleasures sadly should rejoice at this revival of popular poetry of a high quality on the French stage. It comes at a time when French book poetry is at a low ebb. Possibly the dramatic art may give rise to a whole generation of poets, whose work will enter into the classic treasure of the French people, just as the plays of Corneille and Racine are now the great French poems.

Rostand and Zamacoïs have begun a movement of verse quite outside of all critical or æsthetic schools, and their success has not been with those who ask if it is the fashion to applaud before they let themselves go in frank admiration. It is a sort of Régence style of poetry for the delight of novel and magazine readers. All literature is now inevitably subject to the likes and dislikes of this class; but French poets, with the doubtful exception of François Coppée, had not been willing to recognize it.

The new piece of Jacques Richepin—"La Marjolaine," just brought out at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre—is a good example of the new movement, which tries to satisfy the exacting desire of Parisians for really good plays, while contenting the passion of all Frenchmen for lucid, lilting, lively verse spoken naturally and with spirit. The young author is son of Jean Richepin, whose verse is the stateliest measure heard in France since Victor Hugo; but the father's plays, such as the "Chemineau," were too sonorous, too scintillant of high poesy, just as Catulle Mendès is too precious for the public of to-day. It is a public immensely larger than any of the old time, and reading immensely more and conversant with more things, but far less cultivated in thought, far more mediocre in the level of its refinement. Marjolaine is the child of a miller's daughter and a grand seigneur under the old régime. It is a character fitted to spout verse for Republicans who love to think of their grandfathers as either Revolutionists or Crusaders, or a mixture of both.

Paysanne et noble à la fois: c'est Marjolaine.

The piece mixes the pleasures of the Regent with the prophecies of Rousseau; the lover goes to the Bastille and Marjolaine

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dies, not without first having her say in this melodious verse. Defects in the piece may hinder its having the success of its predecessors; but it is another example of an interesting dramatic movement, which may prove vital in French poetry.

A second tendency which has grown in the French people with their troubles is a wandering, half-conscious comparison of themselves with what they think the rest of the world must be. This year Americans are caught by the object-glass. Of ourselves as others see us Americans are not fair judges. In Réjane's "Paris-New York," our women who come to sweep everything before them certainly do not shine, at least with those who would wish the puritan honor of our early history to slide down the grooves of time a little less rapidly. When the British author of "Charley's Aunt" looked on at its representation in French, the black clouds gathering on his face threatened thunderous discharge, although the whole house around him was screaming with joy. Alas! the pleasure was not at his fun, but at a rich and strange sea change which had come over it in crossing the Channel. So we Americans have mixed emotions when we find out how we impress the risibilities of the foreigner. "Who knows if the truth is not sad?" said Renan of the whole play of life.

"La Française" of Brieux also has its American, but he is a man and not far from ridiculous. Being in France, he feels obliged to do what he has been told everyone else is doing, until the heroine—typical "Frenchwoman"—puts him in his place. It is well meant by this very sober, serious author, who wishes only to give a good blow in defence of the fair name of his countrywomen. One of the things which made the judicious John Stuart Mill impatient was to hear Englishmen (and Americans) speak lightly of the honor of Frenchwomen; he knew the people as they are in their intense family life from his youth, when he was bred among them, to his death in the midst of them. Brieux's Bartlett, rich "gentleman farmer from Ohio," may seem to us not quite like ourselves; and most certainly, as Émile Faguet says, he pays court to ladies very much as a bear might waltz; but he takes his lesson mildly. The hero is an Americanized Frenchman, who puts everything deftly in place—which is, after all, vastly to our credit. And the earnest desire of the author to protest against the ill-fame earned for his own people by a small class of novel and play-writers is worthy of all reverence and praise. Whether this small class writes only for foreign consumption, as M. Brieux wishes us to believe, is another question, which in no wise affects the good name of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in general. It has been remarked that Americans also have not been taken as samples of plain living and high thinking by the present French republic as they were in the republic of 1848. Do we, too, need a new literature to let the world know what we are? Our plays, at any rate, are unknown in France.

The third tendency is the reaction of the French race against the divorce evil. Play after play deals with the subject. Before divorce became easy, it was always the wife's tragedy which held the boards. Now it is the direr tragedy of the child, defenceless, and torn asunder by the conflicting passions of adult parents who have not the sense or self-control to unite in his interest. French society is strong and resists constantly all political and social revolutions precisely because of this one thing—the centring of the family in the child. French mothers have always been the strength of the French race at home, its weakness abroad; whither they are unwilling to look. "Les deux Madame Delauze" of Madame Gabriel Mourey at Réjane's Theatre is only a distorted sample.

S. D.

The first production of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, "The Sunken Bell," excited no enthusiasm in London, and the play found little comprehension. As one writer remarked, "The advantage of a symbolic play is that every one who cares can read his own meaning into it." Of the actors, Mr. Wakeley says in the *Times:* "Miss Marlowe gives the grace and elfishness and charm of Rautendelein; Mr. Sothern gives the alternate courage and despair of Heinrich. They do not, that is to say, hide the author's imagined figures from us. On the other hand, we cannot say that they give these figures a fresh and exuberant life. Miss Marlowe is not exactly a frisky fairy; Mr. Sothern's Heinrich is occasionally tame. A tame overman! What would Nietzsche say? And they are both a little too monotonous in their delivery."

"Love's Labour's Lost" was the opening play of this year's festival at Stratford-on-Avon. It was presented by R. F. Benson and his company, and showed how admirably the play, which has never been a favorite with actors, lends itself to production.

Pinero's "His House in Order," which was recently performed in Venice, has been accepted by the Vaudeville Theatre of Paris. This will be the third of Pinero's plays to be given in Paris. The first was "The Magistrate," at the Théâtre Cluny; the other, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was played sixty times at the Odéon during the season of 1904.

"The Christian Pilgrim" is the title selected for Henrietta Crosman's version of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to be produced next fall.

Two new plays have been given at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. One was "The Eyes of the Blind," the first dramatic attempt of Miss K. Letts, a tragic piece said to have been successful. The other was "Fand," based on an episode in the Cuchullin cycle by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

Music.

Familienbriefe von Richard Wagner. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

The attacks on Richard Wagner's works which were in fashion during his lifetime gradually grew less virulent after his death, and to-day they have ceased altogether. When his enemies found they could not curb the ever-increasing popularity of his operas, they sought consolation in the vilification of his personality; but this, too, received a serious check when his private letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Fischer, Heine, and other friends were published, revealing a character by no means flawless, yet ruled by principles of conduct so much more exalted, uncommercial, and self-sacrificing than those which guide most mortals that no unprejudiced reader could withhold his esteem. The deepest insight into his soul was given in the letters to his inspirer and patroness, Mathilde Wesendonck, which appeared three years ago; and now we have a volume of 124 more *intime* letters, addressed to his mother and other relatives, and brimful of interesting details. They indicate that in his family affection he was no less ardent than in his friendships and in his music.

In offering this collection, the editor, C. F. Glasenapp (the fifth volume of whose Life of Wagner is soon to appear), explains that it is by no means complete. Of Wagner's letters to his first wife only seven have been included, because it is intended to issue them all later in a separate volume. The earliest of the letters in the present collection is dated 1832, the latest 1874. In 1832 Wagner was only nineteen years old, yet already he is able to boast to his sister Ottilie of various achievements. He admits, with deep regret, that for a time, while he was with the students, he led a dissolute life, but that now he has become a man, and has planted his foot firmly on what is to be his territory. He was aided in this by Weinlig, "the greatest living contrapuntist," concerning whom he writes:

> How much he loves me you may infer from this: that when mother asked him, after he had taught me half a year, how much she owed him, he answered that, in consideration of the pleasure it had given him to instruct me, it would not be proper to accept payment—that my industry and the hopes he had of me were sufficient payment.

In these hopes the eminent contrapuntist soon saw himself confirmed, for ere he reached his twentieth year, Richard had composed an overture to "King Enzio" which was played in the theatre every night. He had also composed a sonata for piano which was promptly published by Breitkopf & Härtel, and for which he received music scores to the value of fifteen dollars. But he was particularly proud of the performance of an overture of his at the "Grosse Konzert," a great honor, as he explains to his sister, because at these concerts they played only pieces endorsed by all the experts. And what was more, whereas, shortly before, the public had heard overtures by Marschner and Lindpainter without moving a hand, his own overture was applauded as if it had been a masterwork. "I cannot describe my feelings, and Luise was so moved that she wept."

A letter of the following year addressed to his sister, Rosalie, contains remarks on an opera by Marschner and its interpreters, which shows an astounding critical acumen for one of his age. There is, however, very little criticism in these letters, the only other specimen being on p. 144, where Jenny Lind is disposed of in rather uncomplimentary fashion:

> The "Don Juan" performance bored me greatly; but then Donna Anna is said not to be the best of Lind's rôles. Extraordinarily beautiful was her singing of the

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last aria, but for the first act she lacks a great deal. She is a strange, wistful individuality, very interesting for her own sake, but not equal to the task of presenting a grand dramatic development.

By far the largest number of letters in this volume are addressed to the Avenarius family. Eduard Avenarius married Cäcilie Geyer, Wagner's stepsister, or perhaps his sister; there are several references to "unser Vater Geyer," and on p. 277 Wagner writes: "To me it seems as if our father Geyer, by his self-sacrifice in behalf of the whole family, thought he was making amends for a misdeed." There are other reasons for believing that Richard Wagner's name should have remained what it was while he was in school—Richard Geyer. However that may be, Cäcilie was his favorite sister. Her husband was a bookseller in Paris, and they saw much of him during his three years' sojourn there. Of the hard times he and his wife endured some new and harrowing details are to be found in these pages. The pawnbroker more than once was the last refuge. Whenever he departed from a town he left a long trail of debts. It must be admitted that he tried hard to make money, and was shamefully underpaid for what he did. At one time he found out that Schlesinger, who had engaged him to make arrangements of operatic scores and other things, paid him considerably less than his other assistants. In Dresden the eminent prima donna, Frau Devrient, lent him 1,000 thaler to enable him to pay his Paris debts. This ought not to have been necessary; his "Rienzi had proved the greatest financial success ever known at the Dresden Opera, yet the intendant offered him an honorarium of 300 thalers, when everybody thought he would get at least 2,000. The publishers, too, did not treat him fairly; at least he suspected they did not, and gives his reasons (p. 238). To nearly the end of his life he remained usually what he called himself, in 1842: "Hans ohne Geld."

Notwithstanding their disagreeable experiences in Paris, his wife had become so attached to that city that, as he afterward wrote from Berlin, "Minna actually hopes I may fare badly here, so that I may make a new contract with Schlesinger and return to Paris. The poor woman thinks of nothing but Paris." An earlier letter to his wife, which contains vivid reminiscences of their trip to France on a sailing vessel, includes a detail which is new and touching: "When storm and danger were at their worst, when you saw before yourself, by way of reward for all that you had suffered with me, a horrible death, you only begged me to clasp you tight in my arms, so we might not sink separated." Several of the letters of subsequent years detail the gradual estrangement and the separation caused by Minna's furious and implacable jealousy; but there is nothing new to add to the exhaustive treatment of this subject in Mr. W. A. Ellis's introduction to the English version of the Wesendonck letters. To the end of her life, Wagner kept his first wife supplied with all the comforts of life, sometimes when he lacked them for himself.

There is an interesting allusion to his most important literary work, which is still withheld from the public: "You would be able to judge me correctly," he writes to his sister Clara Wolfram, "if you could be here on the evenings when I dictate my autobiography, and my past life unfolds itself before me with astonishing vividness and distinctness. . . . Often I am deeply affected by this review of my career." There is also fresh evidence as to the high opinion he had of his Nibelung poems. He wanted them printed and judged as poems, and not merely as opera texts—rather inconsistently, for, just as he wanted his music to be heard only in connection with the poem, the action, and scenic surroundings, so he ought to have insisted that the poems lost much of their *raison d'être* and force when divorced from the music. Most of the adverse opinions on Wagner's plays were based on a disregard of this plain truth, an error thus fostered by himself.

Sixty-four years ago thirty men in Vienna met and founded a singing society, under the name of Wiener Männergesangverein. It soon grew apace, and won fame for its finished art. Eminent composers like Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Bruckner, Brahms, and Johann Strauss were proud to be honorary members. At the present day the Choir numbers 380 active members; it includes representatives of all social classes, but the well-to-do predominate to such an extent that it has been called the millionaire club. Its concerts are always given for charity, and as a result $120,000 has been distributed where it would do most good. Wealthy members have also contributed the means for a number of trips to other cities. London was visited last year, and a few weeks ago a vessel was specially chartered to bring the Choir and its friends to America. It gave a concert on Tuesday night at Carnegie Hall and will give another to-night. The tickets were all sold a week in advance; the proceeds go to local charities. At the first concert the Choir had the assistance of a part of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which was founded a year after it. The conductors were Eduard Kremser and Richard Heuberger, both of them famed as composers. They were represented on the programme and were most cordially applauded. Heuberger is a great Schubert apostle, and so it was natural that that composer should be represented by two of his works. There were also folk-songs, serious and comic, the Pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhäuser," and a vocal Strauss waltz. In the rendering of all these things, the singers displayed a precision of attack, a distinctness of enunciation, a refinement of shading, that were exemplary, and fully justified the reputation of this society as the leading male choir in the world.

It is our opinion that the best operatic work by far ever written in England is Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," with its delightful Irish music. This opera has at last found its way to Germany. It was performed at Breslau on April 12 with such success that the curtain had to be raised no fewer than twenty times in the course of the evening.

Franz. Kneisel, who was invited to take the conductorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has decided to remain in New York and not to abandon the famous Quartet.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

There is a lingering tradition that water-color painting is a slighter and easier art than that of painting in oils; indeed, it used not to be called painting, but drawing. In such an exhibition as that now open at the Fine Arts building, one feels that the only remaining justification for such a notion is in the prices asked, and even this distinction is vanishing, as there is no reason it should not. Many of the artists are asking as much for their work in this medium as they would for a work in oils of similar size and importance, and why not? The method is at least equally laborious, the result quite as permanent, and, very often, more beautiful. The disappearance of the white mount is symptomatic. It is not to be seen in the present exhibition save, in one or two instances, in the rooms devoted to illustration, and in the gallery of etchings. The two large galleries, devoted entirely to work in color, are an unbroken expanse of gold mounts, while many of the more important pictures are framed exactly as oil paintings might be, in heavy gilded mouldings. By various methods of handling, such as the sponging and rewashing of the Dutchmen, or by the increasing use of body color, water-color painting has been given a consistency and substantiality approaching that of work in oils, and the slightly tinted drawing, that used to go with the white mount, has disappeared.

Indeed, there is some danger that in emulating the solidity and fulness of oil painting the peculiar advantages of water-color, its clarity and sparkle and purity of tint, may be too much sacrificed. There is nothing here, unfortunately, by two of our elder masters who have been wont to show us what the pure wash can accomplish: we miss the powerful directness of Winslow Homer, who can be more solid and luminous than any one with the fewest touches crisply laid on his white paper, and the full glow of La Farge, who is never more the colorist than in his work in what used to be called "the inferior medium." For such work the woolliness of much rubbed surfaces and the semi-opacity of gouache are poor equivalents. But water-color remains, on the whole, a transparent medium, or at least a translucent one, and the muddy heaviness and lifelessness of so much of our modern oil painting is, fortunately, impossible to it. Even the boldest use of body color cannot emulate the obstructive masses of dead material so common in oil. The result of this impossibility is a pervading sense of color in this exhibition which is in refreshing contrast to our other exhibitions. A modern exhibition of oil paintings may contain a few pieces of real color, a number of not disagreeable bits of tone, but the greater part of the works in it will look like disguised black and white. Here the impression, as one looks around the walls, is that everything is done in color. It may be bright or low toned, full or very gray, but it is color—even pure black looks like color when it is laid transparently over a white ground.

The difference is not in the gifts or training of the painters, and our water-colorists

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are not greater artists than our painters in oil. They are largely the same men. One may look over the list of members of the Water Color Society without finding half a dozen names of men specially known as painters in water-color. The others are the men who fill our exhibitions with oil paintings; yet man after man of them is here seen at his best, and shows an unexpected gift for color.

A dozen instances could be found as easily as one. Mr. Reuterdahl, for instance, is a vigorous personality, an illustrator of great dash, but nothing in the dully or violently colored canvases he has exhibited would lead one to expect such a lovely bouquet of hues as his Finish of the Yacht Race. Mr. Charles Warren Eaton has painted many pictures of dark pines against yellow evening skies, but never, in oils, with the transparent luminosity of his water-colors. Mrs. Coman has, within the last year or two, shown several charming canvases in the vein of her tiny picture here, but never has her blue mist been so tender or her sunlight so softly glowing. It is especially in blue, that tormenting problem for the painter in oils, that many of these water-colors excel. It is certain that Mr. Will S. Robinson would find it hard to match, in oils, the limpid color of the water in his Boat Landing, or Mr. Palmer to equal the faint crisp tones of the shadows on the snow in his Last Rays.

Is water-color painting, after all, an easier art than painting in oil, that so many succeed better at it? It is, at least, an art better understood. The most precious qualities of color are largely dependent on transparency. A blue pigment laid thinly over white is an entirely different thing from the same pigment mixed with white. You cannot mix a hue of rose or gold or purple that shall have the vibrant richness or the dainty purity of the same tone got by transparent washes. The painters in oil used to understand this—some of them still do—and there were technical methods based upon it and pictures produced that were colored. But our radically vicious modern education, with its insistence upon "direct painting" and "solid color," has demoralized the art and left most of us floundering in mud. The impressionists tried to pull us out, but they had more knowledge of the modern theory of light than of the ancient practice of painting, and they failed. Apparently we are now slipped back deeper than ever. The water-color painters, almost alone, have not entirely lost their ancient birthright. For the most part they still use the white ground, which the oil-painters, to save labor, have abandoned, and they still use transparent color to some extent, if not altogether. We need not demand that they shall throw away their tubes of Chinese white. Opacity has its uses as well as transparency, and there is a state of semi-opaque, partially translucent, color, which is often very beautiful in water-color, as in oils.

Almost every condition and method of water-color work is shown here except, perhaps, the old English stipple, and even that is not certainly absent. The pure wash, laid sharply on the dry paper, is excellently exemplified in Mr. Prendergast's Marble Bridge with its parterre of red and pink parasols, in Mr. Philip R. Goodwin's richly colored Caribou, in Mr. Pyle's brilliantly decorative little Fishing of Thor and the Giant, translated into Japanese, and in several other pictures. The wet wash—color floated into color without any edges—is shown to advantage in Mr. Ballin's large Pastoral, full, rich, and harmonious, but with a negligence of form which is the danger of this method and of which he should beware. The Dutch manner of sponging and rubbing and rewashing is shown in many skies and landscapes, in Mr. Zeigler's Last Lover, in Alethea Platt's Nearly Tea Time, where it has given a luminosity to the window and the lighted walls which redeem an otherwise commonplace subject.

In almost all of these, and of the pictures previously mentioned, except those by the little group of painters in dry wash, there is an occasional employment of body color to pick out a light, to modify a tone, to give the milkiness of smoke, the solidity of a wall in sunlight, the pearliness of a white sail. Mr. Mora and Mr. Hassam carry its use much farther. Mr. Mora's Before the Bull Fight seems to be painted almost entirely in body color, but his material is never quite opaque, and one feels the white paper through it, giving it a clarity and brilliancy hard to emulate in oil-painting as we practise it to-day. Mr. Hassam's McTaggart's Field is certainly, his Aphrodite presumably, painted upon a warm buff or light brown paper. Over this ground he strikes a mingling of transparent, semi-transparent, and semi-opaque colors, in a multitude of separate touches, much as he handles oils, only that the surface is necessarily less rugged. The warm undertone showing through thin white was a favorite device of the old Dutch painters in oils, and was admirably employed by Goya. Impressionism has abandoned it, along with many other traditional methods, but here it gets back in the practice in water-colors of an arch impressionist, and the result is delightful. I own to finding this smaller Aphrodite more luminous, more atmospheric, more beautiful in color, than the large painting of the same composition in the exhibition of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, though it is somewhat less happy in shape and division of space.

It is only in Mr. Hopkinson Smith's Old Groote Kirk that one reaches the ultimate condition of painting in gouache—distemper painting, such as is employed by scenic artists, rather than water-color. Even here there is some transparent washing, as in the tower, but the cold gray paper, employed for expedition's sake, deprives it of vivacity. The rest is very skilful use of quite opaque tones, the gradations got by mixture with white. Able as the work is, there is a sacrifice of the peculiar beauty of water-color, a chalky heaviness, that one regrets. It is not very sensible to find fault with clever gouache painting for not being something else, but one may hope that our water-color painters are not all to become painters in gouache.

To sum up, it is indubitable that our painters in water-color have learned much in their emulation of oil-painting. Perhaps the time has come when our painters in oil might learn something greatly to the purpose by a judicious study of the qualities of water-color.

In the small side galleries there are, besides one or two of the works already mentioned, a few monotypes, etchings in color, etc., and a number of partially colored or black and white drawings for illustrations by Abbey, Penfield, Smedley, Frank Craig, Mucha, and others, among which Olive Rush's The Lullaby Mother is especially charming. The little octagonal room is filled with a collection of etchings, varying in style from the indication by spots of Pennell to the much more linear work of Charles Henry White. Mr. White's Condemned Tenement is especially good, and is excelled, if at all, only by Ernest D. Roth's Wooden Bridge, Venice. Different from any of the other plates, less picturesque but with a fine austerity, is Everett L. Warner's Notre Dame from the Tour Dagobert.

KENYON COX.

Charles Scribner's Sons are issuing, in four volumes, the most attractive edition of "Don Quixote" now in print. There are but 1,150 copies, of which 140 are in imperial Japan paper, with extra print, before letter, of all the full-page illustrations. The text is that of Thomas Shelton, the Elizabethan translator. Many translators have tried their hands at "Don Quixote," and the reader can take his choice between a variety of styles. The successors of Shelton have had their day—John Phillips, Motteux, Jervas, and Smollett. Smollett's name has given his version an undeserved vogue, for it is probably the worst of the lot. Jervas is correct and careful, but dull and commonplace. Shelton, in spite of some archaisms, in spite of roughness and incorrectness, is more vigorous, more akin to the original, more sympathetic with the spirit of Cervantes, than any of the later translators. Thus it is that though Jervas's version is widely accepted, Shelton has been kept alive by reprint through nearly three centuries. The feature of this edition, however, is not the text, but the illustrations by the late Daniel Vierge. That Spanish artist, who passed most of his life at Paris, long cherished an ambition to illustrate "Don Quixote." Paralysis destroyed the power of his right hand, but he trained himself to use his left, and when he started upon these drawings, in 1894, he again possessed complete mastery of his pen. He finished the task only about a year before his death. In an interesting Introduction of some thirty pages, Royal Cortissoz discusses the theory of illustration and in particular the "long line of vile attempts" to illustrate "Don Quixote," from the Brussels edition of 1662 to the present day. As Mr. Cortissoz justly remarks, "'Don Quixote' was a picture-book before the first illustrator touched it, a fact which, indeed, has contributed largely to its fame." That is to say, the book is concrete and full of images. The fault of the illustrations has been that they either lack artistic merit or else they fail to give the proper background and the Spanish atmosphere. We need not traverse in detail the ground which Mr. Cortissoz has covered, and, before him, H. S. Ashbee in the "Iconography of Don Quixote." The designs of Coypel, Johan Vanderbank, Antonio Carnicero, and Joseph del Castillo, Hayman, Chodowiecki, Smirke, Westall, Corbould, Daumier, Tony Johannot George Cruikshank, and Doré all fell short in one point or another

The task was thus reserved for Vierge,

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whose long apprenticeship in many kinds of illustration was but a preparation for this final achievement. Mr. Cortissoz tells of the training which resulted in that easy mastery which Vierge displays in these drawings—100 full-page and 160 others skilfully placed in the text. His love of the open road and his intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the Spanish world made him by temperament and habitat the fit interpreter of Cervantes. Add the technique which Philip Gilbert Hamerton praised so warmly and we come near to having the perfect illustrator of "Don Quixote." Vierge draws the knight as he was in body and also in soul, gaunt, battered, but always with his heart set upon the ideal—a devotion that lends to him in his worst plights a redeeming touch of melancholy dignity. And so with all the other personages in the shifting scenes of the knight's adventures. Then, too, the pictures, with their delicate and true detail, the admirable massing of light and shade, and the balance of composition, are in themselves beautiful.

Drawings and etchings by Daubigny will be shown at Frederick Keppel & Co.'s until May 11, and eighteenth-century engravings at K. J. Collins's until May 18.

George B. Butler, National Academician and well-known portrait painter, died at his home near Croton Falls, N. Y., on Saturday, in his seventieth year. Mr. Butler had passed a good deal of his life abroad, and at one time had come under the influence of Whistler. But he served in the army during the civil war, and at Gettysburg lost his right arm. He was elected to the National Academy in 1873, and his last picture was shown in the recent exhibition of the society.

Finance.

THE INJURY TO THE CROPS.

On Friday, May 10, the Government's Agricultural Department will issue the second of its important estimates of the season, on the condition of the growing crops; and in advance of that calculation, the grain trade has been trying to ascertain what the crop situation really is. It was pointed out in this column, three weeks ago, that the Government's April estimate on wheat was not unfavorable; that the "condition percentage," as of April 1, 89.9, was nearly 1 per cent. better than that of the preceding April, and was higher than in fifteen out of the twenty past years. But even before that estimate had appeared, on April 10, the grain trade was busy with reports of injury to the growing wheat. At first, these reports took the form of estimates of serious insect damage. The "green bug's" ravages, however, appeared very soon to have been much exaggerated. What assumed a more genuine place in trade calculations was the continued abnormal weather throughout the country, but particularly in the southwestern region, where the wheat was already growing. April's unseasonable cold—to which, so far as his own locality is concerned, every one can bear witness—seemed to be doing part of the mischief; a prolonged drought in the winter wheat belt was doing more. Despite considerable relief by rain in the Southwest a week ago, the grain trade's doubts continued; the price of wheat for July delivery, quoted in Chicago at 78½ cents per bushel on April 1, and at 79 on April 10, has risen this week to 85⅞.

Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department gave out an interview last Monday, in which he took decided ground against the pessimistic views. Advices received by him, regarding the early wheat, led him "to believe that the Southwest will have its usual crop this year." The damage by insects had, in his view, been purely local, and his conclusion was that when harvest time comes, "it will be found that all this cry of crop damage has been made for a purpose." This is at least possible. The wheat speculators, some of whom employ trained experts and keep them constantly travelling about the grain belt, doubtless learn the truth about the outlook, but it does not follow that they tell the exact facts to the general public. On the contrary, if they were speculating for the rise in wheat, on knowledge of a slightly damaged crop, it would obviously be their motive to induce other speculators to believe in much greater damage, and so persuade them to buy, at still higher figures, wheat contracts which the disseminator of the "damage reports" might then choose to sell to them.

All this is possible; yet it is only reasonable to point out that in Kansas the State Agricultural Department has already calculated the "May condition" of wheat at 84 per cent., as against 99 in the national government's April estimate for the State; that the Ohio Department fixes 74, against 83 last month, and that Missouri authorities give 82, against 96 in April. In other words, all official data thus far obtained go to show that the wheat crop's outlook has been considerably impaired during April. Compared with the estimates of a year ago this month, these State estimates are 5 to 25 per cent lower, and, although the experts do not agree as to whether or not the crop has been hurt since the "May percentages" were compiled on the first day of the month, all concede that the season, in the West as in the East, has continued so "backward" as to give little chance for betterment of the conditions existing a week or more ago.

It must, however, always be remembered that an "impaired crop outlook" is a very different thing from a "threatened crop failure." This greater catastrophe, nobody dreams of predicting. It could not be brought about, save through a kind of weather, between now and August, of which there has been as yet no indication. Unseasonable cold and damp often blight a part of this country's cereal crops, but only abnormal drought can cause crop failure. In our wheat crop, actual and general disaster of the sort has hardly happened since the famous "dry year" 1881. But the planted area under wheat in this country, sixteen years ago, was less than 38,000,000 acres; it has since then exceeded 49,000,000. With the extension of the "wheat belt" north, south, and west, under the scientific irrigation and cultivation, the crop as a whole becomes constantly less subject to the vagaries of a given section. With the present extent of our agricultural area, a summer in which, as in 1881, all the grain crops are scorched and withered, is about the most improbable of agricultural events.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bailey, H. Lavinia. By the Sea. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Blüthgen's Das Peterle von Nürnberg. Edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cents.
Brown, H. Collins. Mr. Goggles. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Buskett, Evans W. Fire Assaying. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.25 net.
Campbell, Douglas Houghton. A University Text-Book of Botany. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Carlveau, Robert. Unseen Save of Solitude. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Carus, Paul. The Rise of Man—Chinese Life and Customs—The Story of Sansom—Chinese Thought. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Crawshaw, William H. The Making of English Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Davis, Norah. The World's Warrant. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Emerson, Edward W. Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Ferrero, Guglielmo. The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Translated by Alfred E. Zimmern. 2 vols. Putnams.
Fling, Fred. Morrow. A Source Book of Greek History. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gardner, John Hays, and others. Manual of Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Goron, M. F. The Truth About the Case. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Green, Helen. At the Actors' Boarding House. Brentano's.
Guide to Massachusetts Local History. Compiled by Charles A. Flagg. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co.
Harrison, Frederic. The Creed of a Layman. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Henderson, H. F. The Age of the Maccabees. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hochwalt, Albert Frederick. Arrows of Ambition. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Co.
Holmes, William Gordon. The Age of Justinian and Theodora. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons.
Howard, Keble. The Smiths. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Hubbard, George Henry. The Teachings of Jesus in Parables. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
La Mazelière, Mis de. Le Japon. 3 vols. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.
Lee, Gerald Stanley. The Child and the Book—The Lost Art of Reading. Putnams.
Marriott, J. A. R. The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. Putnams.
Metcalfe, Richard L. "Of Such Is the Kingdom." Lincoln, Neb.: Woodruff-Collins Press.
Miller, Olive Thorne. What Happened to Barbara. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Morris, Charles. Heroes of the Navy in America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Mott, Lawrence. To the Credit of the Sea. Harpers. $1.50.
Osgood, Herbert L. The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Palmer, Francis Sterne, and others. Strange Stories of Colonial Days. Harpers. 60 cents.
Parker, Maud May. The Missive. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Paston, George. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times. Putnams.
Pier, Arthur Stanwood. The Young in Heart. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Practical Problems in Banking and Currency. Edited by Walter H. Hull. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.
Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Vol. V. Boston: Published by the Society.
Putnam, George Haven. The Censorship of the Church of Rome. Vol. II. Putnams.
Rees, Arthur Dougherty. The Double Love. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Rexford, Eben E. Four Seasons in the Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Roberts, Morley. The Flying Cloud. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Scholl, John William. Ode to the Russian People. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Standard Selections. Edited by Robert I. Fulton and others. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Straus, Ralph. The Dust Which Is God. Samurai Press.
Swing, Albert Temple. The Life of James Harris Fairchild. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Thurston, Lucy Meacham. Jenifer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Tozier, Josephine. The Traveler's Handbook. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Van Dresser, Jasmine Stone. How to Find Happy Land. Putnams.
Vedder, Henry C. A Short History of the Baptists. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.50 net.
Whitcomb, Charlotte. Verses. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Woods, Margaret L. The Invader. Harpers. $1.50.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER

By J. L. GIVEN. The author was recently with **The N.Y. Evening Sun.** Just published, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.

"Deserves cordial praise, understands his subject, and his writing is lucid. He has advice for the novice, encouragement for the young reporter, and information for everybody interested."
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